Sheil, Richard Lalor
Evadne

Vol 31

With Mr Murray's Compts

[FOURTH EDITION.]

EVADNE;

OR,

THE STATUE.

Price Three Shillings.

EVADNE;

OR,

THE STATUE:

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

BY RICHARD SHEIL, Esq.

FOURTH EDITION.

LONDON:
[illegible]
HOLLES STREET, [illegible] STREET.
[illegible]

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LONDON:
Printed by W. Clowes, Northumberland-court; and
SOLD BY J. MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

1819.

TO

THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

IN TESTIMONY OF

THE AUTHOR'S SENSE OF THE

GENIUS, PATRIOTISM, AND PRIVATE WORTH,

OF THAT ILLUSTRIOUS POET,

AND OF

HIS GRATITUDE FOR MUCH PERSONAL KINDNESS

TOWARDS HIMSELF,

THIS TRAGEDY IS INSCRIBED.

PREFACE.

The Author has employed a part of the fable of Shirley's "Traitor" in the construction of his plot. In that tragedy, a Gentleman, and favorite of the Duke of Florence, contrives to excite in him a dishonourable passion for the sister of a Florentine nobleman, as the means of procuring the murder of the Duke by the hand of the injured brother, and thus opening the way for his own elevation to the throne.

To that extent only the plot of this tragedy is derived from Shirley. The incidents, situations, distribution, characters, and language, (such as they are), the Author hopes he may be pardoned for observing, are his own. It will, perhaps, be thought, that this detracts from his claim to the merit of originality—He does not think so.—No one contests the originality of Douglas, because Home took his plot from an old ballad,

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To that extent only the plot of this tragedy is derived from Shirley. The incidents, situations, distribution, characters, and language, (such as they are), the Author hopes he may be pardoned for observing, are his own. It will, perhaps, be thought, that this detracts from his claim to the merit of originality—He does not think so.—No one contests the originality of *Douglas*, because Home took his plot from an old ballad,

and even profited by the *Merope* of VOLTAIRE.—ROWE's *Fair Penitent* is a still stronger case; that fine tragedy is modelled on MASSINGER's *Fatal Dowry*;—OTWAY and SOUTHERNE rarely invented their plots.

The Author trusts his introduction of these names will not be misinterpreted. He mentions them for the purpose of justifying himself, by the authority of their example.

Properties

Act 1st — Stage-Cloth

1st 3rd & 5th Gs Palace and Arch

Throne - Tall Chair

Act 2nd

1st 1st G Chamber

2nd 2nd G Chamber backd by

Act 3rd

1st 2nd G Olivia's House

Act 4th

1st View of Naples

2nd 2nd G Prison Flats

Act 5th

1st 3rd G Hall of Statues, backd by

Lamp hung behind C.D.

Lights a little down

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE KING OF NAPLES, ...Mr. Abbott.
LUDOVICO, *his Favourite* .....Mr. M'Cready.
COLONNA, ...Mr. Young.
VICENTIO, ...Mr. C. Kemble.
SPALATRO, ...Mr. Connor.
Officer - - - - - - - - - - - - - Morris
Servant - - - - - - - - - - - - - Healy
EVADNE, *sister of Colonna* .....Miss O'Neill.
OLIVIA, *in love with Vicentio* .....Mrs. Faucit.

Scene—Naples.

12 Courtiers — Ballet and Chorus
8 Guards — Supers

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY CHARLES PHILLIPS, ESQ.

SPOKEN BY MR LEFROY.

Were ever in Love's sacred Bower,
The proud Man kneeling to a Flower,
Eternal sunshine dispel the gloomy sky,
Alternate beauties wound his wandering eye,
While Indian Love, waving its silken wing,
Woos the wild-giant of the blooming Spring,
Yet still through Pride or Passion so wed,
Its honey-sweets, its, and its sun-shades,
Form as the Land of a Lady's * *the shade,*
In sun as that Love be gay, and yet young,
Creation blooming, a dowered song,—
It was not Paradise—ah! Man's mind,
Far on the wave the Paradise wreck,
Source of his bliss, and index of his woes,
By poisonous Heaven ordained to work his fall,
And sole survive, a recompense for all.
If he has not left his chaste and elevated power
Royally lord, and rule the vanquished tower,
If such the prerogative! let it be his the sight
For heaven to be proud as to be of heaven!
Female, our Book [illegible]
Alone from Heaven's boundless sky,
From Heaven's boundless sky, [illegible]
Assured that such a [illegible]

* Alluding to the ancient name of Spanish [illegible]

PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN BY CHARLES PHILLIPS, ESQ.

SPOKEN BY MR. EGERTON.

When erst in Eden's solitary bowers,
The primal Man beheld his world of flowers,
Eternal sunshine tinged the glorious sky,
Alternate beauties wooed his wandering eye;
While infant Love, waving its odorous wing,
Woke the wild spirit of the breathing Spring.
Yet still through Paradise he restless strayed,
Its bower was songless, and its sun was shade;
E'en as the Bard of Albany * has sung,
In strains that live for age, and yet are young,
Creation bloom'd, a decorated wild,—
It was not Paradise—till Woman smiled.
Fair on his view the Paragon arose,
Source of his bliss, and solace of his woes.
By bounteous Heaven ordain'd to sooth his fall,
And sole survive, a recompense for all.
Who has not felt her chaste and charmed power
Beguile his sad, and raise his raptur'd hour?
If such there be—Oh! let him bend his sight
Far from the hallowed vision of to-night.
To-night, our Bard, in lovely woman's cause,
Alone from manly bosoms asks applause;
From British bosoms asks, without a fear,
Assured that such a cause is sacred here.

* Albany was the ancient name of Scotland.—Campbell.

And you, ye Fair, see young *Evadne* prove
Her vestal honour, and her plighted love;
See her, the light and joy of every eye,
Veil all her charms in spotless chastity;
And, 'mid the fires and phantasies of youth,
Turn strong temptations to the cause of truth!
Oh! may each maid *Evadne's* virtue share,
With heart as faithful, though with form less fair.
You, too, who hope Ambition's height to climb,
Toiling to fortune through the maze of crime,
Behold, as in the daring "fool of Crete."
Of such design, the lesson, and the fate:
Behold the wing that lifts it to the skies
Melt in the sun to which it sought to rise.
Such is the strain by which the moral Bard
Seeks from a moral people his reward:
Seeks in simplicity, without one aid
From scenic pomp, or pasteboard cavalcade.
Britons, be just, and as our "Statue" stands,
Like MEMNON's image from its master's hands,
With one bright ray illume the sculptured toil,
And bid it breathe—the creature of your smile.

Bradine

Properties

Act 1st

Two Banners and 6 ~~Swords~~ Halberts for Guards
Three Daggers, for Spalatro, and 3d & 4th Bowtiers
Miniature for the King

Act 2nd

Miniature and B.L. for Ludovico
Commission for Vicentio
Miniature for Bradine
Miniature for Vicentio

Act 4th

Blood ready R. for Bolonna's Sword
8 Swords for Guards

Act 5th

Dagger for Bolonna

1

The King - Miniature

Spalatro Dagger

Dis.d 3rd and 4th Courtiers Daggers

8 Courtiers

2 Banners

8 Guards

L. 1st and 2nd Courtiers

First Night

Wednesday Feby 10th 1819.

EVADNE,

OR,

THE STATUE.

= Stage-Cloth =

= Lock Rd. =

Theatre - State Chair

ACT I.

SCENE I. 3rd and 4th Gs

The Palace of the King of Naples.

Dis.d ~~Enter~~ the KING, SPALATRO, ~~and~~ 10 Courtiers, 2 Banners, and Six Guards

KING. DIDST say the Marquis of Colonna ~~prays~~
Admission to our presence?

L. SPAL. Aye, my liege,
He stands in the anti-chamber, with a brow
As stern as e'er was knitted in the folds
Of ranc'rous discontent.

KING. I have noted oft
His absence from the court, the which I deem
His envy of our true Ludovico.

SPAL. Deem it no little benefit, my liege;
His deep and murky smile, his gather'd arms,
In whose close pride he folds himself—his raw

= Cross forward =

And pithy apothegms of scorn have made him
Our laughter, and our hatred; we are all
Grown weary of this new Diogenes,
Who rolls his hard and new philosophy
Against all innocent usage of the court.

King. We must not bid him hence—he has a sister—

Spal. The fair Evadne!—

King. Fairer than the morn;
Who has not seen her, knows of beauty less
Than blind men of Aurora.—For her sake
We give him ample scope, and we are glad
He comes to visit us.

L. Colonna *without.*

Col. I 'll hear no more.
Colonna does not often importune
With his unwelcome presence. Let me pass—
For once I must be heard.

L. *Enter* Colonna, ~~followed by Courtiers.~~ *Two Courtiers and*

My liege!—

1*st*. Court. Hold back!

~~2d Courtier~~. What right hast thou to rush before the sight
Of sacred royalty?

Col. The right that all
Good subjects ought to have—to do him service.
My liege—

King. You are welcome— *L.*
And would you had brought your lovely sister too.

Col. My sister, did you say? My sister, sir?
She is not fit for courts; she would be called
(For she has something left of nature still)
A simple creature here; ~~she cannot cast~~
~~Unholy glances from a sidelong eye~~

And pudgy apothecaries of acorns have made him
Our laughing, and our hatred; we are all
Grown weary of this new Diogenes.
Who rolls his hard and new philosophy
Against all innocent usage of the court.

KING. We must not bid him brace—he has a water—

SYAM. The fair Evadne—

KING. Fairer than the moon,
Who has not seen her, brown of beauty, less
Than blind man of Alnwick.—For her sake
We give him ample scope, and we are glad
He comes to vex us.

COLONNA without.

Col. I'll hear no more.
Colonna does not urge importune
With his unwelcome presence. Let me pass—
For once I must be heard.

Enter COLONNA, *followed by Courtiers*

My liege!—

1st Courtr. Hold back!

2d Courtr. What right had thou to rush before the sight
Of sacred royalty?

Col. The right that all
Good subjects ought to have—to do him service
My liege—

KING. I'm sick—[illegible]—
And would you had brought you [illegible]

Col. My sister, did you say? My sister, sir?
She is not in the country; she would be called
(Her eyes [illegible] of tender will)
A simple [illegible] who never [illegible]
Which [illegible]

Or give her unloved body to the world
Of many dances, where all decency
Is lost in pleasure's wildered labyrinth
She is not fit for [illegible], and I have hope
She never will. Yet, let it pass—I cease
To implore a favour of you.

KING. Whatever

Colonna pays, we cannot be refused.

COL. I do [illegible] that I ask it only for my age.
That princes often find it hard to grant
The simple thing—that you will hear the [illegible]

KING. Proceed, and plead the matter, my lord.

COL. I see you [illegible] to hear. Do send away
Of them I first would speak—There is [illegible]
Of this wide troop of glittering parasites
That circle you, as planets surround their God,
With sycophantic incense, but in zeal
Is your base foe.—These simpers here, my liege,—
Whose dimples seem a sort of heavenly
Filled, and overflowing with sanctity—
These soft melodious flatterers, my liege,—
That flourish on the flexibility
Of their soft countenances—are the vermin
That haunt a prince's ear with the false hum
Of villainous assertion.—These are they
Who from your mind have hunted every thought
Of the great weal of the people—These are they
Who from your ears have shut the public cry,
And with the poisoned gales of flattery
Close round your's foul atmosphere
Of surrounding sycophancy.
Their foul complaints [illegible]
And [illegible]

2

R. Ludovico

Or give her untouched body to the wreath
Of mazy dances, where all decency
Is lost in pleasure's wildered labyrinth.
She is not fit for courts, and I have hope
She never will: But, let it pass—I come
To implore a favour of you.

KING. Whatsoe'er
Colonna prays, sure cannot be refus'd.

COL. The favour that I ask is one, my liege,
That princes often find it hard to grant.
'Tis simply this—that you will hear the truth.

KING. Proceed, and play the monitor, my lord.

COL. I see your courtiers here do stand amazed.
Of them I first would speak—There is not one
Of this wide troop of glittering parasites,
That circle you, ~~as priests surround their God,~~
~~With sycophantic incense~~, but in soul
Is your base foe.—These smilers here, my liege,—
~~Whose dimples seem a sort of honeycomb~~
~~Filled, and o'erflowing with sincerity—~~
These ~~soft~~ melodious flatterers, my liege,— sweet
That flourish on the flexibility
Of their soft countenances,—are the vermin
That haunt a prince's ear with the false buzz
Of villanous assentation.—These are they
Who from your mind have flouted every thought
Of the great weal of the people.—These are they
Who from your ears have shut the public cry,
And with the poisoned gales of flattery
Create around you a foul atmosphere
Of unresounding denseness, thro' the which
Their loud complaints cannot reverberate,
And perish ere they reach you.

2

King. Who complains,—
Who dares complain of us?
Col. All dare complain
Behind you—I before you.—Do not think
Because you load your people with the weight
Of camels, they possess the camel's patience.
A deep groan labours in the nation's heart;
The very calm and stillness of the day
Gives augury of the earthquake.—All without
Is as the marble smooth, and all within
Is rotten as the carcase it contains;
Tho' ruin knock not at the palace-gate,
Yet will the palace-gate unfold itself
To ruin's felt-shod tread.
King. *(aside.)* Insolent villain!
Col. Your gorgeous banquets—your ~~high-feasts of gold,~~
~~Which the four quarters of the gilded world~~
~~Heap with their ransack'd~~ luxuries—your pomps,
Your palaces, and all the sumptuousness
Of painted royalty will melt away,
As in a theatre the glittering scene
Doth vanish with the shifter's magic hand,
And the mock pageant perishes.—My liege,
A single virtuous action hath more worth
Than all the pyramids, and glory writes
A more enduring epitaph upon
One generous deed, than the sarcophagus
In which Sesostris meant to sleep.
Spal. Forbear!
It is a subject's duty to arrest
Thy rash and blasphemous speech.—
King. Let him speak on—
The monarch who can listen to Colonna,
Is not the worthless tyrant he would make me.

Σ Palatro subinus again R.

Gon. I deem you not [illegible]
Not Nature teaching you, did [illegible]
And o'er your heart hath [illegible]
Other [illegible] Nature [illegible]
From [illegible] and from wisdom [illegible]
In men whose every look's a [illegible]
In a large [illegible] of [illegible]
The chief is a rash traitor!

Kent. Traitor! [illegible]

Gon. You insolent, [illegible]
Will smooth-faced hypocrisy [illegible]

Kent. Here be [illegible]

Gon. It is the traitor's self—I [illegible] it,
That [illegible] I may [illegible]

Enter LEAR [illegible] *the King.*

Lear. My lord,
I hasten to your presence, to [illegible]
Colonna here! (starting.)

Gon. The same—Colonna's here!
And if you wish to learn his theme of speech,
Learn that he spoke of treason and of you.

Lear. Did I not stand before the [illegible]
Of majesty, I would teach thee with my sword
How to reform thy phrase—But I am now
In my King's presence, and with [illegible]
As with [illegible] peaceful [illegible]
Hastily I [illegible]
Hath this [illegible]
And [illegible]
Against [illegible]

Kent. He [illegible]

Gon. [illegible]
[illegible]

COL. I deem you not that tyrant—if I did——
No! Nature framing you, did kindly mean,
And o'er your heart hath sprinkled many drops
Of her best charities. But you are led
From virtue and from wisdom far away,
By men whose every look 's a lie—whose hearts
Are a large heap of cankers, and of whom
The chief is a rank traitor!

KING. Traitor! whom meanest thou?

COL. Your favourite, your minister, my liege.
That smooth-faced hypocrite—that—

KING. Here he comes!

COL. It is the traitor's self—I am glad of it,
That to his face I may confront.——

Enter LUDOVICO—*he advances rapidly to the* KING

LUD. My liege,
I hasten to your presence, to inform you—
Colonna here! *(starting.)*

COL. The same—Colonna's here!
And if you wish to learn his theme of speech,
Learn that he spoke of treason and of you.

LUD. Did I not stand before the hallowed eye
Of majesty, I would teach thee with my sword
How to reform thy phrase—But I am now
In my king's presence, and with awe-struck soul,
As if within Religion's peaceful shrine,
Humbly I bend before him. What, my liege,
Hath this professor of austerity,
And practiser of slander, ~~vomited~~ uttered
Against your servant's honour?

KING. He hath called you——

COL. A traitor! and I warn you to beware
Of the false viper nurtured in your heart.

He has filled the city with a band of men,
By fell allegiance sworn unto himself.
There are a thousand ruffians at his word
Prepared to cut our throats.—The city swarms
With murderers' faces, and tho' treason now
Moves like a muffled dwarf, 'twill speedily
Swell to a blood-robed giant!—If, my liege,
What I have said doth not unfilm your eye,
'Twere vain to tell you more.—" And I desire not
" To hear a traitor doling out before you
" His fluent protestation, till at last
" With insolent mockery of attested Heaven,
" From the believing ear of royalty,
" He suck its brains out."—I have said, my liege,
And tried to interrupt security
Upon her purple cushion—he, perhaps,
Will find some drowsy syrup to lay down
Her opening eye-lids into sleep again,
And call back slumber with a lullaby
Of sweetest adulation.—Fare you well!

Lud. Hold back!

Col. Not for your summons, my good lord.
The courtly air doth not agree with me,
And I respire it painfully.—My lord,
Hear my last words.—Beware, Ludovico!

Lud. Villain, come back!

Col. I wear a sword, my lord.

[Exit Col.

Lud. He flies before me—and the sight of him
He dares accuse, came like the morning sun
On the night-walking enemy of mankind,
That shrinks before the day-light—yes, he fled,
And I would straight pursue him, and send back,
On my sword's point, his falsehoods to his heart—

He has killed the king with a bead of wine,
[illegible] [illegible] unto himself,
[illegible] [illegible] at his word
Proceed to cut our throats.—The city swarms
[illegible] [illegible] and the traitors now
Move like a mad dream, [illegible]
Small to a [illegible] giant.—Ah, my liege,
When I have said [illegible] every eye,
There rain [illegible] more.—And I desire not
To [illegible] [illegible] believe you
[illegible]
[illegible] attested [illegible]
From the [illegible] of [illegible]
He such [illegible] out.—I have said, my liege,
And tried to interrupt [illegible]
Upon [illegible] [illegible], perhaps,
[illegible] [illegible] to lay down
Her [illegible] into sleep again,
And call back [illegible] with a lullaby
Of [illegible] [illegible].—Face you well!

Lum. Hold back!

Cor. Not for your summons, my good lord
The [illegible] [illegible] with me,
And I keep it [illegible].—My lord,
Hear my last words.—Beware, Ludovico!

Lud. [illegible], come back!

Cor. I wear a sword, my lord

[Exit.

Lum. He flies before me—and the night of [illegible]
He [illegible] like the morning sun
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] be fled,
And I would [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible].
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible]

But that I have before the assembled [illegible]
Would vindicate myself—a [illegible]
In any action of Ludovico
Finds echo to that word?

KING. I cannot think
Thou hast opened me with [illegible]

LUD. I am not here to make a [illegible]
Of my past [illegible], and [illegible]
In glittering array, the [illegible]
That I have [illegible]
[illegible] out my duty—Yet [illegible]
If he who has fought [illegible]
A [illegible] of [illegible]—[illegible]
Has back to [illegible] from the [illegible]
Led your triumphant [illegible], [illegible]
" Spread out the [illegible]
" Of flowing glory, [illegible]
" 'Twas unperfected in one small drop of blood,—
" If he who from your [illegible]
" The heavy [illegible]
" His sovereign from the [illegible] of rule,
" And leave you but its [illegible]"—He whose hand
Hath [illegible] the oppressive [illegible] down,
And [illegible] from the golden [illegible]—
If he whose [illegible] at the [illegible]
Grown [illegible] with envy of his [illegible]
Is [illegible]
Hath [illegible]
The [illegible]
And [illegible]
Hath [illegible]
The [illegible]

But that I here before the assembled court
Would vindicate myself—a traitor!—who
In any action of Ludovico
Finds echo to that word?

KING. I cannot think
Thou hast repaid me with ingratitude.

LUD. I do not love to make a boisterous boast
Of my past services, and marshal forth
In glittering array the benefit
That I have done my sovereign—what I did
Was but my duty.—Yet would I inquire
If he who has fought your battles, and hath made
A very thrall of victory—who oft
Has back to Naples from the field of fight,
Led your triumphant armies, "while the breeze
"Spread out the royal banner, with its fold
"Of floating glory, and yourself exclaimed
"'Twas unprofaned by one small drop of blood,—
"If he who from your shoulders has ta'en off
"The heavy mass of empire to relieve
"His sovereign from the ponderous load of rule,
"And leave you but its pleasures"—He whose hand
Hath lined the oppressive diadem with down,
And ta'en its pressure from the golden round—
If he whose cheek hath at the midnight lamp
Grown pale with study of his prince's weal
Is like to be a traitor?—who, my liege,
Hath often like the day-light's god transpierced
The hydra-headed monster of rebellion,
And stretched it bleeding at your feet? who oft
Hath from the infuriate people exorcised
The talking dæmon, "*liberty*," and choaked

The voice of clamorous demagogues?—I dare
To tell you 'twas Ludovico!

King. It was.

Lud. Who calls me traitor? He whose breath doth taint
Whate'er it blows upon—he "who doth mock
"The antique severity, and only wants
"A toga to be a republican
"Of the old Roman fashion,—He who talks
"Abroad against your vices, (for he deems
"All blameless pleasures such,) and oftentimes
"Heaves a long sigh for those illustrious days
"When commonwealths made men.
"King. What! dares he do so?"
Lud. But, ask yourself, my lord, if I be mad?
For were I that, that he would make Ludovico,
The cells of frenzy, not the scaffold's plank,
Would best beseem my treason.—In your love
My fortunes grow and flourish unto heaven;
And I should win by treason but the load
Of the world's execration, while the fierce
And ravenous vulture of remorse would tear
The vitals of my soul, and make my heart
Its black immortal banquet! I a traitor!
At first, I only meant to scorn.—But now,
The bursting passion hath o'ermastered me,
And my voice choaks in anguish! Oh, my liege,
Your giving audience to this rancorous man,
Who envies me the greatness of your smile,
Hath done me wrong, and stabs me thro' and thro'.
A traitor!—your Ludovico!

King. My lord.

Kneels Lud. Here is my heart! If you have any mercy,

Strike thro' that heart, and as the blood flows forth,
Drown your suspicions in the purple stream.

KING. Arise, Ludovico, and do not think
I have harboured in my breast a single thought
That could dishonour thee. —[Raises and embraces him]

LUD. My royal Master!
The power of gratitude mounts from my heart,
And rushes to mine eyes, that are too apt
To play the woman with me. See, they are falling—
Oh! let them not profane your sacred cheek,
But bathe my prince's feet.

KING. Ludovico,
We have wrong'd thee, not by doubt,
But by our sufferance of Colonna's daring—
Whom from my sight into the dungeon's depth
I had flung, but that I hope——Let us apart—

[*He draws* LUDOVICO *aside, front L.*

But that I hope, Ludovico, that yet
I may possess me of his sister's charms.

LUD. There you have struck upon the inmost spring
Of all Colonna's hate; for in obedience
To your high will, I humbly made myself
Your pleasure's minister, and to her ear
I bore your proffered love, which he discovering
Hath tried to root me from my Prince's heart—

KING. Where thou shalt ever flourish! But, Ludovico,
But thou hast told her! Is there hope, my friend?

LUD. She shall be yours—nay, more—and well you know
That you may trust your servant—not alone
Colonna's lovely sister shall be yours;
But, mark my speech, Colonna's self shall draw
The chaste white curtains from her virgin-bed,
And lead you to her arms!

KING. What! her fierce brother
Yield his consent?
LUD. Inquire not how, my liege,
I would accomplish this—trust to my pledge—
This very night.
KING. To-night! Am I so near
To heaven, Ludovico?
LUD. You are, my liege.
To-night upon the breast of paradise
You shall most soundly sleep. [*Aside.*
KING. My faithful friend!
And dost thou say, Colonna will himself——?
LUD. Colonna's self shall bear her to your arms,
And bid her on to dalliance.
KING. Oh, my friend,
Thou art the truest servant that e'er yet
Tended his Sovereign's wish: but dost not fear,
Her purposed marriage with Vicentio
May make some obstacle?
LUD. I have recalled him
From Florence, whither as ambassador,
In honourable exile, he was sent.
KING. Recalled him? 'Twas to interrupt his love
That he was sent.
LUD. My projects need his coming.
" ~~'Tis not in vain that he returns, my liege,~~"
For I intend to make Vicentio
An instrument to crown you with her charms!
KING. How shall I bless thee, my Ludovico?
~~Is she not made of beauty?~~ Dost thou think
'Tis strange I pine for her—but why inquire
Of thee, who once wert kindled by her charms.
LUD. My liege! [*A little disturbed.*

KING. She did prefer Vicentio.

LUD. She shall prefer you to Vicentio.

KING. My dear Ludovico, within my soul
More closely will I wear thee!—is 't to-night?
To-night, Ludovico!

LUD. Wish that the sun
Would throw himself down the rich steeps of heaven,
And night come gliding from the darkening east,
For, in her pall shall love with a golden torch,
Just lighted in Cythera, sweetly tread,
And laughing guide the pleasures as he trips.

KING. Tell her we 'll shower all honour on her head.—
And here, Ludovico, to testify
That we have given ourselves, bear to her heart
This image of her King!

LUD. I am in all your servant.

KING. My Ludovico,
We never can reward thee! Come, my friends,— X R.
Let 's to some fresh-imagined sport, and wile
The languid hours in some device of joy,
To help along the lazy flight of time,
And quicken him with pleasure.—My Ludovico!
Remember!

[*Exit* KING *and* ~~*part*~~ 10 *of the Courtiers*, R.
SPALATRO, *and* ~~*four*~~ 5 *other Conspirators remain behind with* Banners & Guards R.U.E.

LUDOVICO.

LUD. He is gone—~~at last he is gone~~,
And my unloosened spirit dares again
To heave within my bosom!—Oh Colonna.
With an usurious vengeance I 'll repay thee,
And cure the talking devil in thy tongue!—
To Spalatro.] Give me thy hand, and let thy pulse again
Beat with a temperate and healthful motion

3 Of full security.—We are safe, my friends,
And in the genius of Ludovico,
An enterprise shall triumph.

Spal. We began to tremble when you entered—but full soon
With admiration we beheld you tread
Secure the steeps of ruin, and preserve us.

Lud. That damn'd Colonna!—by the glorious star
Of my nativity, I do not burn
For empire, with a more infuriate thirst,
Than for revenge!

R. Spal. My poniard's at your service.

L. 1st Cons. ~~And mine!~~ Half draw their daggers
2d Cons. ~~And mine!~~

6. Lud. Not for the world, my friends!
I'll turn my vengeance to utility,
And must economize my hate—Whom think you
Have I marked out assassin of the King?

Spal. Piero, perchance—he strikes the poniard deep.

Lud. A better hand at it.

Spal. Bartolo, then—
He pushes the stiletto to the heart.

Lud. No!

Spal. Then yourself will undertake the deed.

Lud. That were against all wisdom—No, my friends,
Colonna—

Spal. What Colonna?—he that now
Accused you here?

Lud. Colonna!—

Spal. 'Tis impossible!—
From his great father he inherited
A sort of passion in his loyalty:
In him it mounts to folly.

3

L. Officer

Leon. Yet speaking,
I'd wish a moiety of him—[illegible]
He's [illegible]

Sicil. Yes, the fair Hermione.
You once did love [illegible]

Leon. Then I [illegible]
And I am weak enough to [illegible]
If that nature to love that doth [illegible]
It is a sort of madness in my heart
Made up of loyal [illegible]
So [illegible] me to that [illegible]
Not only [illegible] me [illegible]
Long [illegible] I know, I'm [illegible]
Would [illegible] [illegible]
He [illegible] me and the [illegible]
Colours [illegible] shall [illegible]
Shall with Hermione's love [illegible]

Enter Servant.

How now?

Serv. My lord, the lady Queen
Wishes to you [illegible].

Leon. I desired her [illegible]
And [illegible] I [illegible]
With a [illegible]
I [illegible] [illegible]
This [illegible]
As I would [illegible]

Serv. She [illegible] Hermione.

Leon. He [illegible]—
[illegible] the [illegible]
The [illegible]

LUD. Yet, Spalatro,
I 'll make a murderer of him—know you not
He has a sister?—
SPAL. Yes, the fair Evadne,
You once did love yourself.
LUD. There thou hast touched me.
And I am weak enough to love her yet,
If that indeed be love that doth consume me;
It is a sort of monster in my heart,
Made up of horrid contrarieties!
She scorns me for that smooth Vicentio—
Not only does he thwart me in my love,
But, well I know, his influence in the state
Would, when the king is sent to Paradise,
Be cast between me and the throne—he dies!—
Colonna too shall perish, and the crown
Shall with Evadne's love be mine.

Enter ~~Servant~~ An Officer

How now?
~~Serv.~~ Off. My lord, the lady Olivia
Waits on your highness.
LUD. I desired her here,
And straight I will attend her. [*Exit* ~~Servant~~ Officer
With a straw
A town may be consum'd, and I employ
This woman's passion for Vicentio,
As I would use a poison'd pin, to kill.
SPAL. She long hath loved Vicentio.
LUD. He shall wed her—
And from the hand of Hymen, Death shall snatch
The nuptial torch, and use it for his own!

I haste me to her presence. [*Takes out the King's picture.*
Come! fair bauble,
Thou now must be employ'd. (*To Spal.*) Dost thou not think,
Even in this image, that he bears the soft
And wanton aspect with the which he bid me
To cater for his villanous appetite—
And with what luxury?—Evadne's charms!—
Evadne that I love?—

Spal. But, didst thou not
Thyself evoke that passion in his breast?

Lud. I did, 'tis true—but for mine own success.
I hate him!—Wouldst thou deem that he would dare
To choose me for his minister of sin,
And bid me gain her for his luxury?
There is the very face with which he first
Pour'd his unholy wishes in mine ear—
Ha! dost thou smile upon me?—I will turn
Those glittering eyes, where love doth now inhabit,
To two dark hollow palaces, for Death
To keep his mouldering state in, "and upon
" Those lips, where wanton smiles are softly curl'd,
" I 'll twine a wreath of rich and clustering worms,
" To feast upon their moist, and rosy pouting!"—
He dares to hope that I will make myself
The wretched officer of his desires,
And smooth the bed for his lascivious pleasures—
But I full soon will teach his royalty,
The beds I make are lasting ones, and lie
In the dark chambers of eternity! [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

1

Olivia

R. Ludovico - Minatum - Letter

~~Vicentio~~ - ~~Cornanifoin~~

2

R. Vicentio Cornanifoin

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter OLIVIA *and* LUDOVICO.

LUD. DISPOSE of it as I instructed you;
[*Giving her the King's Picture.*
You know that I have pledged myself to make
Vicentio yours.—To-day yourself have given
The means to turn that promise into deed.
You are among the noblest of my kin,
And I would mate you with Vicentio,
To raise my proper fortunes.

OLIV. My own heart
Tells me, 'tis a bad office I have ta'en;
But this unhappy passion drives me on,
And makes my soul your thrall—Thus I have crept
Obedient to your counsels, meanly crept
Into Evadne's soft, and trusting heart,
And coiled myself around her—Thus, my lord,
Have I obtained the page of amorous sighs
That you enjoined me to secure—I own

'Twas a false deed, but I am gone too far
To seek retreat, and will obey you still.

Lud. And I will crown your passion with the flowers
Of Hymen's yellow garland—Trust me, Olivia,
That once dissevered from Evadne's love,
He will soon be taught to prize your nobler frame,
And more enkindled beauty—Well, 'tis known
Ere he beheld the sorceress ~~"who beguiled~~
~~"His soul with meekly artificial smiles,"~~
He deemed you fairest of created things,
And would have proffered love, had not—

Oliv. I pray you,
With gems of flattery do not disturb
The fount of bitterness within my soul;—
For dropped tho' ne'er so nicely, they but stir
The poisoned waters as they fall—I have said
I will obey you.

Lud. With this innocent page
Will I light up a fire within Vicentio,—
But you must keep it flaming—I have ta'en
Apt means to drive him into jealousy.
By scattering rumours (which have reached his ear)
Before he come to Naples—e'en in Florence
Have I prepared his soft and yielding mind
To take the seal that I would fix upon it.
I do expect him with the fleeting hour,—
For, to my presence he must come to bear
His embassy's commission, and be sure
He leaves me with a poison in his heart,
Evadne's lips shall never suck away.

Oliv. Then will I hence, and if 'tis possible,
Your bidding shall be done.—Vicentio!

R. Enter VICENTIO.

VIC. Hail to my lord!

LUD. Welcome, Vicentio!
I have not clasp'd your hand this many a day!
Welcome from Florence. In your absence, sir,
Time seemed to have lost his feathers.

VIC. It was kind
To waste a thought upon me.—Fair Olivia,
Florence hath dimmed mine eyes, or I must else
Have seen a sun-beam sooner. Fair Olivia, X G.
How does your lovely friend?

OLIV. What friend, my lord?

VIC. I trust nought evil hath befallen Evadne,
That you should feign to understand me not.
How does my beautiful and plighted love?

OLIV. How does she, sir? I pray you, my good lord
To ask such tender question of the king. . . . . [*Exit L.*

VIC. What meant she by the king? *(aside.)*

LUD. You seem, Vicentio,
O'ershadowed with reflection—should you
Not have used some soft detaining phrase to one,
Who should at least be pitied?

VIC. I came here
To re-deliver to your hands, my lord,
The high commission of mine embassy,
That long delayed my marriage. You, I deem
My creditor, in having used your sway
In my recall to Naples.

LUD. In return for such small service, ~~"in the which
"My zeal outstrips the tardy benefit,"~~ I hope
That you will not forget Ludovico,
When in the troop of thronging worshippers,

At distance you behold his stooping plume
Bend in humility.

Vic. What means my Lord?

Lud. Act not this ignorance—your glorious fortune
Hath filled the common mouth—there's not a wight,
Who ever tortured verse upon the rack
Of his parturient brain, has not already
Indited you in sonorous eulogy—
The jesting villains mimic insolence
(Who counterfeit the faces of the great,)
Has set your image in the ~~common~~ mart — stands already
Of pictured ridicule—Come, do not wear
The look of studied wonderment—you know
Howe'er I stand upon the highest place
In the King's favour, that you will full soon
Supplant the poor Ludovico, ~~that cast~~
~~Amid the rout and populace of the court~~
~~Will live upon your smile~~

Vic. I am no Œdipus.

Lud. You would have me speak in simpler phrase; Vicentio,
You are to be the favorite of the King.

Vic. The favorite of the King!

Lud. Certes, Vicentio.
In our Italian courts, the generous husband
Receives his monarch's recompensing smile,
That with alchymic power, can turn the mass
Of dull opprobrious shame, to one bright heap
Of honour and emolument.—" How oft
" The rich Pactolus of a prince's favour
" Flows from a filthy fountain!—Have you marked
" The fat luxuriance of the juicy plant
" That flourishes in churchyards?—'tis, my lord,

That speaks thy noble nature

"That rottenness manures. The vilest shame
" (Shame in the dull opinion of the world
" A wise man sets at nought,) begets more honours
" Than a whole life of service to the state,
" And veins made bloodless in a thousand battles."

I bid you joy, my lord—why, how is this?
Do you not yet conceive me? Know you not
You are to wed the mistress of the king?
Colonna's sister—aye, I have said it, sir,—
Now, do you understand me?

VIC. Villain, thou liest!

LUD. What? are you not to marry her?

VIC. Thou liest;
Tho' thou wert ten times what thou art already,
Not all the laurels heaped upon thy head
Should save thee from the lightnings of my wrath!

" Vile, and infectious slave, thy calumny
" Is like a corpse's reeking at the sun,
" And staining the white day!—Thou wretched worm,
" Who sheddest thy poison-slime upon the flower
" Of a pure woman's honour, and where'er
" Thou crawlest, pollutest!"

LUD. If it were my will,
The movement of my hand should beckon death
To thy presumption. But I have proved too oft
I bore a fearless heart, to think you dare
To call me coward—and I am too wise
To think I can revenge an injury
By giving you my life. But I compassionate,
Nay, I have learned to esteem thee for a wrath,
That gives me proof thou dost not yield consent
To infamy, that many a courtier here

~~Would think the plume of fortune.~~ Fare thee well! X L.
Thy pulse is now too fevered for the cure
I honestly intended—yet, before
I part, here take this satisfying proof
Of what a woman's made of. [*Gives him a letter.*

Vic. It is her character!
Hast thou shed phosphor on the innocent page,
That it has turned to fire?

Lud. Thou hast thy fate:
~~"But be not the vile worm to spin thyself~~
~~"The black and slimy thread whereof tis made.~~

Vic. 'Tis signed, "Evadne."

Lud. Yes, it is—farewell!

Vic. For heaven's sake, hear me—Stay—Oh, pardon me
For the rash utterance of a frantic man—
~~Whence? how? where?~~ speak? in mercy speak!

Lud. I will,
In mercy speak, indeed—In mercy to
That fervid generosity of heart
That I behold within thee—~~"and despite~~
~~"Of the high injury thou hast cast upon me."~~

Vic. From whom is this?

Lud. From whom? look there!

Vic. Evadne!

Lud. 'Tis written to the king, and to my hand.
For he is proud of it, as if it were
A banner of high victory, he bore it,
To evidence his valour—It is grown
His cup-theme now, and your Evadne's name
Is lisped with all the insolence on his tongue
Of satiated triumph—he exclaims—
The poor Vicentio!

~~Would think the plume of fortune.~~ Fare thee well! X L.
Thy pulse is now too fevered for the cure
I honestly intended—yet, before
I part, here take this satisfying proof
Of what a woman's made of. [*Gives him a letter.*

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That I behold within thee—"~~and despite~~
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His cup-theme now, and your Evadne's name
Is lisped with all the insolence on his tongue
Of satiated triumph—he exclaims—
The poor Vicentio!

3

C.D. Ovadne - Minatus

L.2.C. Olivia - Minatus

VIC. The poor Vicentio!

LUD. What! shall he murder him? (*aside*) no, no,—
Colonna!
The poor Vicentio! and he oftentimes
Cries, that he pities you!

VIC. He pities me!

LUD. I own that some time I was infidel
To all the bombast vaunting of the king,
But———

VIC. 'Tis Evadne I have gazed upon it,
In hope that with the glaring of mine eyes
I might burn out the false and treacherous word—
But, still 'tis there—no more—else will it turn
My brain to a red furnace.—Look you, my lord—
Thus as I rend the cursed evidence
Of that vile woman's falsehood—thus I cast
My love into the winds, and as I tread
Upon the poisoned fragments of the snake
That stings me into madness, thus, Ludovico,
Thus do I trample on her!

LUD. Have you ne'er heard,
For 'twas so widely scattered in the voice
Of common rumour, that the very wind,
If it blew fair for Florence———

VIC. I have heard
Some whispers, which I long had flung away
With an incredulous hatred from my heart—
But now, this testimony has conjured
All other circumstances in one vast heap
Of damned certainty!—Farewell, my lord—
I'll seek that false one out, and to her face
Upbraid her with her perjured perfidies—
That is the only vengeance left me still,

~~And I would take it~~

ear One, Lud. ~~Inhuman~~ Vicentio,
Vengeance is left you still—the deadliest too
That a false woman can be made to feel:
Take her example—be not satisfied
With casting her for ever from your heart,
But to the place that she has forfeited,
Exalt a lovelier than—but I perceive
You are not in a mood to hear me now—
Some other time, Vicentio—and, meanwhile,
Despite your first tempestuous suddenness,
You will think that I but meant your honour well
In this proceeding.

Vic. I believe I owe you
That sort of desperate gratitude, my lord,
The dying patient owes the barbarous knife,
That delves in throes of mortal agony,
And tears the rooted cancer from his heart!

[*Exeunt L.*

SCENE II. 2nd G.

A Room in Colonna's *Palace.* Centre Door Open

C. D. Enter Evadne ~~discovered~~ *looking at a picture.*

Evad. ~~'Tis~~ strange he comes not! thro' the city's gates
His panting courser passed, before the sun
Had climbed to his meridian, yet he comes not!—
~~Methinks the very throbbings of my heart,~~

4

R. Bicentis - Binatus

With slow distinctness mete the hours away
As heavily, as to a sick man's ear
Time's monitor beneath his pillow strikes
Before the dawn of day-light.—Ah! Vicentio,
To know thee near me, yet behold thee not,
Is sadder than to think thee far away;
For I had rather that a thousand leagues
Of mountain ocean should dissever us,
Than thine own heart, Vicentio.—Sure, Vicentio,
If thou didst know with what a pining gaze
I feed mine eyes upon thine image here,
Thou wouldst not now leave thine Evadne's love
To this same cold idolatry.

L. 2 C. OLIVIA *enters unperceived.*

I will swear
That smile's a false one, for it sweetly tells
No tarrying indifference—Olivia!

OLIV. I have stolen unperceived upon your hours
Of lonely meditation, and surprised
Your soft soliloquies to that fair face.—
Nay, do not blush—reserve that rosy dawn
For the soft pressure of Vicentio's lips.

EVAD. You mock me, fair Olivia,—I confess
That musing on my cold Vicentio's absence,
I quarrelled with the blameless ivory.

OLIV. He was compelled as soon as he arrived,
To wait upon the great Ludovico;
Meanwhile your soft, expecting moments flow
In tender meditation on the face,
You dare to gaze upon in ivory
With fonder aspect, than when you behold
Its bright original; for then 'tis meet
Your pensive brows be bent upon the ground,

And sighs as soft as zephyrs on the wave
Should gently heave your heart.—Is it not so?
Nay, do not now rehearse your part, I pray;—
Reserve those downcast lookings for Vicentio;
That's a fair picture—let me, if you dare
Entrust the treasure to another's hand,
Let me look on it. (*Takes* Vicentio's *picture.*)
What a sweetness plays
On those half-opened lips!—He gazed on you
When those bright eyes were painted.

Evad. You have got
A heart so free of care, that you can mock
Your pensive friend with such light merriment.
But hark! I hear a step.

Oliv. (*Aside.*) Now fortune aid me
In her precipitation.

Evad. It is himself!—
Olivia, he is coming—Well I know
My Lord Vicentio hastens to mine eyes!
The picture—prithee give it back to me—
I must constrain you to it.

Oliv. (*Who has substituted the picture of the King.*)
It is in vain
To struggle with you then—with what a grasp
You rend it from my hand, as if it were
Vicentio that I had stolen away.

(*Gives her the King's picture, which* Evadne *places in her bosom.*)

I triumph!—(*Aside.*)—He is coming—I must leave you,
Nor interrupt the meeting of your hearts
By my officious presence. [*Exit.*

Evad. It is himself!
Swiftly he passes thro' the colonnade,

~~And flies into mine arms.~~ Oh! Vicentio,
Thy coming bears me joy as bright as e'er
Beat thro' the heart of woman, that was made
For suffering, and for transport!—Oh, Vicentio!

Enter VICENTIO.

Are you then come at last?—do I once more
Behold my bosom's lord, whose tender sight
Is necessary for my happiness .....
As light for heaven!—My lord!—Vicentio!—
I blush to speak the transport in my heart,
But I am rapt to see you.

VIC. And, Evadne,
I am all joy. *(aside.)* I 'll hide the serpent here,
And use her for awhile, with the same arts
She plays upon myself.—I am rejoiced——

EVAD. And I!—if every bosom were so glad
As mine for your return, which I have prayed
In nightly orisons, the bells of Naples
Would from their steeples peal their chimes of joy;
Flowers should be strewed before your passing steps,
The very dust made of the leaves of roses!—
I am in sooth so joyous at your sight,
That I forget to chide you—how is this?

VIC. Dissembling woman! *(aside.)*

EVAD. How is this, my lord?
Methinks you look most sadly, or what 's worse,
Most coldly on Evadne—'tis perchance,
The fault of mine expecting eyes, that seek
The warm reflection of their joyfulness.
Why, once, if you were absent but a day,
At our next meeting you were bright as morn

In the sweet May; but now, you are grown as cold
As winter's chilly day-break—you look altered.

Vic. But you do not look altered—would you did!
Let me peruse the face where loveliness
Stays, like the light after the sun is set.
Sphered in the stillness of those heaven-blue eyes,
The soul sits beautiful; the high white front,
Smooth as the brow of Pallas, seems a temple
Sacred to holy thinking! and those lips
Wear the ~~small~~ smile of sleeping infancy,
They are so innocent.—Ah! thou art still
The same soft creature, in whose lovely form
Virtue and beauty seemed as if they tried
Which should exceed the other.—Thou hast got
That brightness all around thee, that appeared
An emanation of the soul, that loved
To adorn its habitation with itself,
And in thy body was like light that looks
More beautiful in the reflecting cloud
It lives in, in the evening. Oh! Evadne,
Thou art not altered—would thou wert!

Eva. Vicentio,
This strangeness I scarce hoped for.—Say, Vicentio,
Has any ill befallen you?—I perceive
That its warm bloom hath parted from your cheek,
And there 's a parched dryness in your hand,
That shows the torrid fever of the blood—
Ah me! you are not well, Vicentio.

Vic. In sooth, I am not.—There is in my breast
A wound that mocks all cure—no salve, nor anodyne,
Nor medicinal herb, nor minist'rings
Of anxious care from hands, as delicate
As e'er affection tutored in the arts

~~Of kindly restoration,~~ can ever allay
The festering of that agonizing wound
You have driven into my heart!

EVAD. I?

VIC. You, Evadne!
Evadne, you—you have stabbed me to the soul,
Turned the Elysium prospects in the vale
Of my young life, as ruined church-yards bleak,
And of my springing joys, and blossoming hopes,
Made all a desolation. Why, Evadne,
Why did you ever tell me that you loved me?
Why was I not in mercy spurned away,
Scorned, like Ludovico? for unto him
You dealt in honour, and despised his love:
But me you soothed and flattered—sighed and blushed—
And smiled and wept, for you can weep; (even now
Your tears flow by volition, and your eyes
Convenient fountains have begun to gush,)
To stab me with a falsehood yet unknown
In falsest woman's perfidy?

EVAD. Vicentio,
Why am I thus accused? What have I done?

VIC. What!—are you grown already an adept
In cold dissimulation? Have you stopped
All access from your heart into your face?
Do you not blush?

EVAD. I do, indeed, for you!

VIC. The King?

EVAD. The King?

VIC. Come, come, confess at once, and wear it high
Upon your towering forehead—swell your port—
Away with this unseemly bashfulness,
That will be deemed a savageness at court—

Confront the talking of the busy world—
Tell them you are the mistress of the King,
Tell them you are Colonna's sister too;
But, hark you, Madam—prithee do not say
You are Vicentio's wife!

Evad. Injurious man!

Vic. The very winds from the four parts of heaven
Blew it throughout the city—

Evad. And if angels
Cried, trumpet-tongued, that I was false to you,
You should not have believed it.—You forget
Who dares to stain a woman's honesty,
Does her a wrong, as deadly as the brand
He fears upon himself.—Go, go, Vicentio—
You are not what I deemed you!—Mistress? fie!
Go, go, Vicentio! let me not behold
The man who has reviled me with a thought
Dishonouring as that one!—Oh! Vicentio,
Do I deserve this of you?

Vic. Are these tears
The counterfeits of grief? that sob appeared
The breaking of the heart from which it came.
If I had wronged her—but that cursed scroll—

Evad. It is much better we should meet no more—
Leave me, my lord!—Mistress!—

Vic. If I had wronged her!—
Were it possible, Ludovico,
Who, well I know, doth at his heart abhor me,
Had framed a counterfeit?

Evad. I will not descend
To vindicate myself—dare to suspect me—
My lord, I am to guess that you came here,
To speak your soul's revolt, and to demand

Your plighted vows again—If for this
You tarry here, I freely give you back
Your late repented faith—Farewell for ever!

[*As she is going out.*

VIC. Evadne!

EVAD. Well, my lord?—

VIC. Evadne, stay!—

EVAD. Vicentio!

[*With a look of reproaching remonstrance.*

VIC. Let me look in thy face—

Sure if a fiend did with a look like thine
Appear before the golden gates of heaven,
The guarding-angel there would think it was
A sister-spirit of the blessed, and bid
The harmonious hinges turn to let thee in.
Oh! 'tis impossible!—I was bemocked,
And cheated by that villain!—nothing false
Sure ever looked like thee, and ~~if thou wilt~~ fain
But swear——

EVAD. What should I swear?—

VIC. That you did not
Betray me to the King.

EVAD. Never!—

VIC. Nor e'er
Didst write in love to him?

EVAD. Oh! never, never!—I perceive, Vicentio,
Some villain hath abused thy credulous ear—
But no!—I will not now inquire it of thee—
When I am calmer—I must hence betimes,
To chase these blots of sorrow from my face,—
For if Colonna should behold me weep,
So tenderly he loves me, that I fear

His hot, tempestuous nature—Why, Vicentio,
Do you still wrong me with a wildered eye
That sheds suspicion?—~~Why, Vicentio,~~
~~Do you peruse me thus?~~

Vic. I now remember
Another circumstance, Ludovico
Did tell me as I came—I do not see
My picture on her bosom.

Evad. Well, Vicentio,
~~Hath jealousy's wild flow returned again?~~
~~Does the tide rise beneath the ruling moon?~~

Vic. When I departed hence, about your neck
I hung my pictured likeness, which mine eyes,
Made keen by jealous vigilance, perchance
Desire upon your breast.

Evad. And, is that all?
And in such fond and petty circumstance
Seek you suspicion's nourishment?—Vicentio,
I must disclose my weakness—here, Vicentio,
I have pillowed your dear image on a heart
You should not have distrusted.

[*She draws the King's Picture from her Bosom.*

Here it is——
And now, my lord, suspect me if you can.

Vic. (*starting.*) A horrid phantom, more accursed than e'er
Yet crossed the sleep of frenzy, stares upon me—
Speak—speak at once—nay, do not seem of stone—
I'll turn thee back to horrid life again,
And if it be the villain that has wronged me,
~~Here~~—let it blast thee too.

Evad. Sure, some dark spell,
Some fearful witchery; I am struck to ashes,—

5

Br. B. Colonna

Dance merry, like the lightning—quick as
And I will fix it in my very eyes
Deep in your soul—[illegible]

Vice. [illegible]

Evan. [illegible]

Give me [illegible]! [illegible]
I am [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Vice. [illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Bow all thy wish again—The [illegible]
When I would look on [illegible]
Then [illegible]
With all the pomp [illegible]
Come in a prince's arms—[illegible]
High in thy regal seat, as in the [illegible]
Of [illegible] Venus!—[illegible]
Thy sun will come, [illegible]
As well as [illegible]—[illegible]
When the [illegible] [illegible] on thee, [illegible]
Then, oh in pomp, and [illegible]
Of [illegible], [illegible]
And [illegible]
[illegible]
Look [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]—I will [illegible]—
[illegible]

Amazement, like the lightning—give it me,
And I will fix it in my very eyes,
Clasp it against my sight—'Tis not Vicentio!—

VIC. It is the King!—

EVAD. Oh! do not yield it faith,—
Give not thy senses credence! Oh, Vicentio,
I am confounded, maddened, lost, Vicentio!
Some dæmon paints it on the coloured air—
'Tis not reality that stares upon me!—
Oh! hide it from my sight!

VIC. Chance has betrayed thee,
And saves my periled honour—Here, thou all fraud,
Thou mass of painted perjury,—thou woman!—
And now I have done with thee, and pray to heaven
I ne'er may see thee more—But, hold!—~~I cannot~~
Recall that wish again—The time will come
When I would look on thee—a little while
Thou wilt roll in gilded infamy along,
With all the pomp that tends the courtly sin
Done in a prince's arms—Thou wilt appear
High in thy regal state, as in the car
Of swan-drawn Venus!—But, be sure at last
Thy turn will come, for Love has got his wheel
As well as Fortune—then, Evadne, then,
When the world's scorn is on thee, let me see
Thee, old in youth, and bending 'neath the load
Of sorrow, not of time—then let me see thee,
And mayest thou, as I pass, lift up thy head
But once from the sad earth, and then, Evadne,
Look down again for ever! ※ [Exit R.

(EVADNE *at first not perceiving that he is gone, and recovering from her stupefaction.*

EVAD. I will swear—
Give it back to me—Oh! I am innocent!

※ C.D. Enter Colonna, in time to see Vicentio go off.

~~Enter Colonna~~—*she rushes up to* ~~*him*~~ Col. who has advanced to R. 1 E. *mistaking him for a moment for* Vicentio.

R. Exit

By heaven, I am innocent!

Col. Who dares to doubt it,—
Who knows thee of that noble family
That cowardice in man, or wantonness
In woman never tarnished?—

Evad. He is gone! (*aside.*)

Col. But, how is this, Evadne? In your face
I read a wildered air has ta'en the place
Of that placidity that used to shine
For ever on thy holy countenance.

Evad. Now, as I value my Vicentio's life—

Col. One of love's summer clouds, I doubt me, sister,
Hath floated o'er you, tho' 'twere better far
That it had left no rain-drops.—What has happened?

Evad. There's nothing has befallen, only—

Col. What, only?

Evad. I pray you pardon me—I must begone!

Col. Evadne, stay! let me behold you well—
Why do you stand at distance? nearer still,
Evadne!—

Evad. Well?—

Col. Vicentio—

Evad. (*assuming an affected lightness of manner*)
Why, Colonna—
Think you that I'm without my sex's arts,
And did not practise all the torturings
That make a woman's triumph?

Col. 'Twas not well.
I hoped thee raised above all artifice
That makes thy sex but infancy matured.
I was at first inclined to follow him,
And ask what this might mean?

EVAD. Then he had told
That I had played the tyrant.—Had you seen
How like my peevish lap-dog he appeared
Just beaten with a fan—Ha! ha! Colonna,
You will find us all alike—Ha! ha! my heart
Will break ~~if I stay longer—pardon me,~~
~~Colonna, I must leave you—Oh! Vicentio!~~

(*Bursts into tears.*)

COL. Farewell!
EVAD. What would you do?
COL. Let all the world
Hold me a slave, and hoard upon my head
Its gathered infamy—be all who bear
Colonna's name scorn-blighted—may disgrace
Gnaw off all honour from my family,
If I permit an injury to thee
To 'scape Colonna's vengeance!—
EVAD. Hold, my brother!
I will not leave thy sight!
COL. Then follow me,
And if thou art abandoned, after all
Vicentio's plighted faith, thou shalt behold—
By heavens, an emperor should not do thee wrong,
Or if he did, tho' I had a thousand lives,
I had given them all to avenge thee.—I 'll inquire
Into this business; and if I find
Thou hast lost a lover, I will give him proof,
I've my right arm, and thou thy brother still! [*Exeunt. R.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Door in R. flat

A Street in Naples—the front of Olivia's House.

I

Enter Ludovico *and* Vicentio.

Lud. THERE is Olivia's house!
Vic. Thou hast resolved me.
I thank thee for thy counsel, and at once X R.
Speed to its dread performance. [*He raps at the door.*
G. D. Enter Servant. G. D. R.
'Bides the lady Olivia in her home?
Serv. She does, my lord. [*Exit. G. D.*
Vic. Farewell, Ludovico! thou seest, my friend,
For such I ever hold thee, that I pass
The stream of destiny. Thou sayest, Ludovico,
'Tis necessary for my fame.
Lud. No less.—
By marrying Olivia you disperse
The noises that abroad did sully you,
Of having given consent to play the cloak
To the king's dalliance.

1

L. Vicentio

Ludovico

C. D. Servants

L. King

2

L. Cradne

VIC. Oh, speak of it
No more, Ludovico—farewell, my friend,
I will obey your counsels.— [*Exit into Olivia's house.* 6.2.

LUD. Fare you well,
My passionate, obsequious instrument,
Whom now I scorn so much, I scarcely let thee
Reach to the dignity of being hated.

Enter the KING, *disguised.*

KING. My faithful servant, my Ludovico!

LUD. My prince! I did not hope to meet you here!—
What, in this masqued attire, has made you veil
The dazzling brightness of your royalty,
And led you from your palace?

KING. I have ta'en
Concealment's wonted habit, to escape
The hundred eyes of curiosity,
And, wearied with rotatory course
Of dull unchanging pleasure, sought for thee.
Shall she be mine, Ludovico?

LUD. My liege,
I marvel not at the impatient throb
Of restless expectation in your heart,
" For she is fairer than the ideal forms
" Of purest beauty in the raptured soul
" Of him who sang Orlando's frenzied love,
" Or the soft tale of Sion's liberty."
And know, my liege, that not in vain I toil,
To waft you to her bosom, for Vicentio
Renounces her for ever! (and,

KING. Dost thou say
Vicentio hath renounced her?

2

Lud. Yes my liege,
Not only has abandoned her, but moved
By my wise counsels, hath already prayed
The fair Olivia's hand.
King. How, my Ludovico,
Didst thou accomplish it?
Lud. I turned to use
The passion of Olivia; "round the soul
" Of your Evadne did she wind herself;
" That she might win some evidence at last
" To shed into Vicentio's credulous ear
" The maddening pestilence of jealousy.
" And soon 'twas gained; for" while Evadne traced
A letter to Vicentio, suddenly
The news of his expected coming reached
Her panting breast, and in the rush of joy,
Unfinished on her table did she leave
The page of amorous wishes, which the care
Of unperceived Olivia, haply seized,
And bore unto my hand—Vicentio's name
Was drowned in hurried vocatives of love,
As thus—" My lord—my life—my soul"—the which
I made advantage of, and did persuade him
'Twas written to your highness,—and with lights
Caught from the very torch of truest love,
I fired the furies' brands———
King. My faithful friend!
Lud. Then with your picture did Olivia work
Suspicion into frenzy—when he came
From your Evadne's house, I threw myself,
As if by fortune, in his path—I urged
His heated passions to my purposes,
And bade him ask Olivia's hand, to prove

How much he scorned her falsehood.—Even now
He makes his suit, for there Olivia dwells,
And as you came, he entered.

KING. But wherein
Will this promote the crowning of my love?

LUD. I said Colonna's self should be the first
To lead you to her arms—

KING. Thou didst, Ludovico,
The which perform'd, I 'll give thee half my realm.

LUD. *(aside.)* You shall give all!

KING. Accomplish this, my friend,
Thou art my great Apollo!

LUD. No, my liege,
You shall be Jove, and in her arms to-night,
Will taste more joys than the Olympian did
In golden showers in Danaë's yielding heart—
" Or when he shut out Phœbus from the heavens,
" And for a triple night he mock'd the form
" Of sweet Alcmena's husband—while my liege,
" I play the winged messenger of love."

KING. Ludovico, thou art as dear to me
As the rich circle of my royalty.
Farewell, Ludovico, I shall expect
Some speedy tidings from thee—fare thee well!
To-night, Ludovico. [*Exit.*

LUD. To-night, you perish!
Colonna's dagger shall let out your blood,
And lance your wanton, and high-swelling veins.—
That I should stoop to such an infamy!
" Thy gore shall be my robe of royalty—
" I 'll dress myself in purple with thy blood,
" And underneath none will discern the stain
" That now besmears my fame."—Evadne here!

Enter Evadne.

Not for the king, but for myself I mean,
A feast fit for the gods!

3 Evad. *(with some agitation.)* My lord Ludovico——

Lud. The beautiful Evadne! ~~do you deign~~
~~To breathe a name that is not often wont~~
~~Thus to be wrapped in fragrance? Lovely woman!~~—
What would the brightest maid of Italy
Of her poor servant?

Evad. Sir, may I entreat
Your knowledge where the Count Vicentio
Bides at this present instant? I have been informed
He companied you here.

Lud. It grieves me sore
He hath done you so much wrong.

Evad. What may you mean?

Lud. 'Tis talked of in the whispering gallery,
Where Envy holds her court: "with brighter eyes,
"Each rival beauty beams; and rosier flushes,
"Poured by malevolence into the cheek
"Of tittering loveliness, proclaim how glad
"Is every woman of a woman's woe."
Who would have thought Vicentio's heart was like
A play-thing stuck with Cupid's lightest plumes
Thus to be tossed from one heart to another?
Or rather, who had thought that you were made
For such abandonment?

Evad. I scarce can guess——

Lud. I did not mean to touch so nice a wound.
If you desire to learn where now he bides,
I can inform you.

Evad. Where, Ludovico?

3

C.D. Vicentio

Adamus R.

LUD. Yonder, Evadne, in Olivia's house.
EVAD. Olivia's house? what would he there?
LUD. You know
Vicentio and Olivia are to-day——
EVAD. My lord?
LUD. Are to be married——
EVAD. Married, my lord?
Vicentio and Olivia to be married?—
LUD. I am sorry that it moves you thus—Evadne;
Had I been used as that ingrate, be sure
I ne'er had proved like him—I would not thus
Have flung thee like a poppy from my heart,
A drowsy sleep-provoking flower—Evadne,
I had not thus deserted you! [Exit. R.
EVAD. Vicentio,
Olivia and Vicentio to be married?
I heard it—yes—I am sure I did—Vicentio!
Olivia to be married!—and Evadne,
Whose heart was made of adoration—
Vicentio in her house? there—underneath
That woman's roof—behind the door that looks
To shut me out from hope—I will myself——
[*Advancing, then checking herself.*
I do not dare to do it—but he could not—
He could not use me thus—he could not—Ha!
[VICENTIO *enters from* OLIVIA'S *House.* C. D.
VIC. Evadne here?
EVAD. Would I had been born blind,
Not to behold the fatal evidence
Of my abandonment!—Am I condemned
Even by the ocular proof, to be made sure
That I 'm a wretch for ever!—
VIC. Does she come

~~After the fashion of all womankind,~~
To bate me with reproaches? or does she dare
To think that she can angle me again
To the vile pool wherein she meant to catch me?
I 'll pass her with the bitterness of scorn,
~~Her falsehood has extorted from my heart,~~
Nor seem to know her present to my sight. X L.

[*He passes* Evadne.

~~She looks upon me with a speechless gaze~~
~~That seems half sorrow, half astonishment,~~
Now I am at least revenged. [*Going.* L.

Evad. My lord, I pray you—
My lord, I dare entreat—Vicentio—

Vic. Who calls upon Vicentio? Was it you?
What would you with him, for I bear the name.

Evad. Sir, I——

Vic. Go on—I 'll taunt her to the quick—
~~Ludovico, I thank thee for thy loss~~
~~In the deep science of a woman's heart.—~~

Evad. My lord, I——

Vic. Pray you speak—I cannot guess
By such wild broken phrase what you would have
Of one who knows you not.

Evad. Not know me?

Vic. No—
Let me look in your face—there is indeed
Some faint resemblance to a countenance
Once much familiar to Vicentio's eyes,
But 'tis a shadowy one—she that I speak of
Was full of virtues as the milky way
Upon a frozen night is thick with stars.
She was as pure as an untasted fountain,
Fresh as an April blossom, kind as love,
~~As much as patience, as religion holy,~~

And good as infants giving charity!—
Such was Evadne—fare you well!
EVAD. My lord,
Is 't true what I 've heard?—
VIC. What have you heard?
EVAD. Speak—are you to be married—let me hear it—
Thank God I've strength to hear it.
VIC. I scarce guess
What interest you find in one that deems
Himself a stranger to you.
EVAD. Sir——
VIC. But if
You are indeed solicitous to learn
Aught that imports me, learn that I to-day
Have asked the fair Olivia's hand, in place of one—
EVAD. You have bedewed with tears, and that henceforth
Will feel no lack of tears, though they may fall
From other eyes than yours.—So then, Vicentio,
Fame did not wrong you—You are to be married?—
VIC. To one within whose heart as pure a fire
As in the shrine of Vesta long has burned.
Not the coarse flame of a corrupted heart,
To every worship dedicate alike,
A false perfidious seeming.—
EVAD. I implore you
To spare your accusations.—I am come—
VIC. Doubtless, to vindicate yourself.—
EVAD. Oh, no!—
An angel now would vainly plead my cause
Within Vicentio's heart—therefore, my lord,
I have no intent to interrupt the rite
That makes that lady yours; but I am come
Thus breathless as you see me—would to God

I could be tearless too!—you will think, perhaps,
That 'gainst the trembling fearfulness I sin,
That best becomes a woman, and that most
Becomes a sad abandoned one.—

Vic. Evadne—
Evadne, you deceive yourself.

Evad. I knew
I should encounter this—Vicentio,
False as you are—

Vic. Perfidious—pardon me,
I have not e'en the right to upbraid you now—
We are henceforth as strange as tho' our eyes
Had never yet encountered.

Evad. Oh, Vicentio,
I will endure all ~~this~~—nay, more, my lord,
Hear all the vengeance I intend.—

Vic. Go on.—

Evad. May you be happy with that happier maid
That never could have loved you more than I do,
But may deserve you better!—May your days,
Like a long stormless summer, glide away,
And peace and trust be with you!—May you be
The after-patterns of felicity,
That lovers, when they wed, may only wish
To be as blest as you were—loveliness
Dwell round about you like an atmosphere
Of our soft southern air, where every flower
In Hymen's yellow wreath may bloom and blow!
Let nature with the strong domestic bond
Of parent tenderness unite your hearts
In holier harmony; and when you see
What you both love, more ardently adore!
And when at last you close your gentle lives,

4

K. 2.7.6 Bolsena

[illegible] as they were [illegible], may [illegible] all
Into the [illegible] as [illegible] as the [illegible]
Children [illegible] in [illegible] [illegible],
Breath'd [illegible] [illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible],
Drop [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]—
I will [illegible] [illegible] (aside) I will [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

VIOL. I [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].
A [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

IVAN. [illegible] [illegible].

I [illegible]—that I am [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
I [illegible] [illegible] long [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]—
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
To [illegible] [illegible]. I [illegible] [illegible] but [illegible]
The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
To [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Where [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
If ever you [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
I am sure you [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
And if my [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
My friend, Olivia, chide [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Not to be [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

VIOL. The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]—
There on the very [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
A [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]—[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]—

IVAN. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
To [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Yes, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]—

Blameless as they were blessed, may you fall
Into the grave as softly, as the leaves
Of two sweet roses on an autumn eve,
Beneath the ~~small~~ sighs of the western wind,
Drop to the earth together!—for myself—
I will but pray—(*sobbing.*) I will but pray, my lord.

VIC. I must begone, else she may soon regain
A mastery o'er my nature.

EVAD. Oh, Vicentio,
I see that I am doomed a trouble to you.
I shall not long be so. ~~I soon shall cease~~
~~To be of care to you, or to myself,~~
~~Or to ought else in this gay glittering world—~~
There 's but one trouble I shall ever give
To any one again. I will but pray
The Maker of the lonely beds of peace
To open one of his deep hollow ones,
Where misery goes to sleep, and let me in;—
If ever you chance to pass beside my grave,
I am sure you 'll not refuse a little sigh,
And if my friend, (I still will call her so)
My friend, Olivia, chide you, prithee tell her
Not to be jealous of me in my grave.

VIC. The picture? in your bosom—near your heart—
There on the very swellings of your breast,
The very shrine of chastity, you raised
A foul and cursed idol!—~~Speak, Eradne,~~
~~I'll try to lend thee faith—nay, I am willing.~~

EVAD. You did not give me time—no—not a moment
To think what villany was wrought, to make me
So hateful to your eyes—It is too late,
You are Olivia's, I have no claim to you—
You have renounced me—

Vic. Come, confess—confess—

Evad. What then should I confess? that you, that heaven,
That all the world seem to conspire against me,
And that I am accursed—But let me hold——
I waste me in the selfishness of woe,
While life perchance is periled—Oh, Vicentio,
Prithee avoid Colonna's sight!

Vic. Evadne?—
You do not think to fright me with his name?

Evad. Vicentio, do not take away from me
All that I've left to love in all the world!
Avoid Colonna's sight to-day—Vicentio,
Only to-day avoid him—I will find
Some way to reconcile him to my fate—
I'll lay the blame upon my hapless head!—
Only to-day, Vicentio.

R. 2. C. *Enter* Colonna.

R. Col. Ha! my sister!
Where is thy dignity? where is the pride
Meet for Colonna's sister?—hence!—my lord—

L. Vic. What would you, Sir?

Col. Your life—you are briefly answered.
Look here, Sir—To this lady you preferred
Your despicable love! Long did you woo,
And when at last by constant adoration,
Her sigh revealed that you were heard, you gained
Her brother's cold assent—Well then—no more—
For I've no patience to repeat by cause
The wrong that thou hast done her. It has reached
Colonna's ear that you have abandoned her—

5

C.D. Olivia

It rings thro' Naples, my good lord—now, mark me—
I am her brother—

VIC. Well—

EVAD. Forbear! forbear!
I have no injury you should resent
In such a fearful fashion—I—my brother—
I am sure I never uttered a complaint
Heaved with one sigh, nor shed a single tear.
Look at me, good Colonna!—now, Colonna
Can you discern a sorrow in my face?
I do not weep—I do not—look upon me—
Why I can smile, Colonna. [*Bursts into tears.*
Oh! my brother!—

COL. You weep, Evadne! but I 'll mix your tears
With a false villain's blood.—If you have left
A sense of aught that 's noble in you still—

VIC. My lord, you do mistake, if you have hope
Vicentio's name was e'er designed to be
The cloak of such vile purpose—

COL. How? explain—
I understand you not.

EVAD. Forbear, Colonna;
Before your face, and in the face of heaven,
I do resign him—let his vows to me
Be razed from out the registry of sin,
As they are from my bosom—I forgive him,
And may heaven follow my example too!

COL. But I will not, Evadne—I shall deal
In briefest phrase with you—Is 't true, my lord,
You have abandoned her?

VIC. Is 't true, my lord,
That to the King——

COL. The King?

Vic. And could you think
That I am to be made an instrument
For such a foul advancement? do you think
That I would turn my name into a cloak?—
Evad. Colonna, my dear brother. Oh, Vicentio!
My love, my life, my—pardon me, my lord,
I had forgot—I have no right to use
Words that were once familiar to my lips:
But, for Heaven's sake, I do implore you here—
Col, Sir, you said something, if I heard aright,
Touching the King—explain yourself.
Vic. I will!
I will not wed his mistress!
Evad. *(with reproach.)* Oh, Vicentio!
Col. Whom mean you, Sir?
Vic. Look there!
Col. Evadne! ha?
Vic. Evadne!
Col. *(strikes him.)* Here's my answer! follow me!
Beyond the city's gates, I shall expect you. [*Exit.*
Evad. *(clinging to* Vicentio, *who has drawn his sword),*
You shall not stir!
Vic. If from his heart I poured
A sea of blood, it would not now content me.
Insolent villain! dost thou stay me back?
Away! unloose me!
Evad. Hear me!
Vic. Dost thou dare
Still like my honour's shroud to hang about me?
Evad. Olivia, hear me—listen to my cry—
It is thy husband's life that now I plead for;
~~I cannot hold his garment, but I have~~

~~Thou wilt have power upon him.~~—Save, oh, save him!

VIC. Then must I fling thee from me—Now I am free,
And swift as lightning on the whirlwind's wings,
I rush to my revenge! [*Exit* VICENTIO.

EVADNE, *who has fallen upon her knees in her struggle with* VICENTIO.

EVAD. ~~God help~~ Oh my heart!
Choak not, thou struggling spirit, in my breast,
~~But leave me still the power to lift the cry~~
~~That bursts within my bosom!~~—hear me, Olivia!
Olivia, hear me!

Ist. D. Enter OLIVIA *from her House.*

R. OLIV. Is't Evadne calls
Like one that with a frantic energy
In fire cries out for life?

L. EVAD. I cry for life—
Vicentio's life—Colonna's life—Olivia,
Look not thus cold and marble on my face—
I do not come to chide thee.—To thy love
I will resign him all, but, on my knees,
I beg thee to preserve him!

OLIV. Whom dost talk off?

EVAD. You have power o'er him that I no more possess
Had he e'er loved me as he loves thee now,
I had been stronger when around his neck
I flung me to preserve him.—Oh, my friend!
Colonna, maddened at my miseries,
And I confess that I am miserable,
Hath vowed a horrid vengeance, and even now
He smote Vicentio!

OLIV. Heaven!

EVAD. I prithee, look not
Misdoubtingly upon me—~~do not ask~~

The touch of their cold corpses to convince thee—
Oh! fly to save—thy husband—he will heed
Thy supplication, though he scorn my tears—
Why dost thou stand thus muttering to thyself?
Hast thou not wings to save him?

Oliv. I am punished
With dreadful retribution! from my heart.....
All my base fraud is driven into my lips,
And in the dire confession of my guilt
Thou art avenged, Evadne!—To himself
I dare not own it—but to thee reveal
The vileness I have practised.

Evad. Speak!

Oliv. Evadne,
I have foully wronged thee—yet, what I have done
Was by a dæmon uttered to my heart.
The hasty moments will not let me now
Detail the base machinery of my sin.
But with a letter—

Evad. Ha! it breaks upon me!
The light is blazing in my brain—the picture?
Olivia—speak—the picture?

Oliv. When to me
Thou didst commit that token of his heart,
In the wild rapturous tremor of thy joy,
I seized advantage of Vicentio's coming,
And placed within thine unsuspecting hand—

Evad. That horrid image that appeared to fill
My bosom with perdition, and did make me
Unto myself so horrible—'twas you—
It was my friend Olivia!

Oliv. The strong power
Of an unhappy passion, stung to rage

By a false villain's counsels, drove me on—
But the black sin was only half my own—
EVAD. What must be guilt, when it is such a hell
But to seem guilty?—but I pardon thee—
For after having plunged my soul in fire,
Thou hast steeped me in Elysium.

OLIV. I myself,
Will to the king, and bid him send his power
To interpose between them—thou, Evadne,
Wilt speak my guilt. — Exit R.

EVAD. Oh, my Vicentio!
What a triumphant heart I bear to thee,
I feel it trembling like a happy bird
Just loosened to the air, with wings outspread
To soar to its own liquid element!
Love give thy swiftest pinions to my flight,
Waft me to my unkind Vicentio,
That I may play the tyrant for awhile,
Chide him with fond reproach, until at last
I throw myself all rapturous in his arms,
Burst into tears of transport, and forgive him!
[Exeunt ~~severally~~ L.

I fly to save, and comfort you.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The Bay, and view of Naples. ~~A Street.~~

L. *Enter* COLONNA *and* VICENTIO, *with their Swords drawn—passing across.* To R.

COL. YONDER, my lord, beside the cypress grove
Fast by the church-yard—there 's a place, methinks,
Where we may 'scape the eye of observation.

VIC. I follow, Sir—the neighbourhood of the grave
Will suit our purpose well, for you or I
Must take its measure ere the sun be set. [*Exeunt.* R.

L. 2nd E. LUDOVICO *enters as they go off.*

LUD. Ha! there they go!—the furies, with their whips
Of hissing serpents, lash you to your fate—
My dull and passionate ools—you fall at last
Into the pit I have dug for you—the grave.—
You grasp the murdering hilt, while I, in thought,
Already clench the glorious staff of empire.
I hate you both!—One of you has denounced me—
The other, robbed me of a woman's love,—
And both would in the state employ their power
To cut the eagle-pinions of my soul,

1

L. Bolonna

Vicentio

L. 2nd Ludovico

L. Cradne

Nor let me pass upon the glorious day
Of golden revelry which I expect.
They have already entered in the gate
Of heavenly glory, that above our heads
Hangs in pale mystery—now they are lost
Amid the crowds of heaven—and yet a moment
And they will be about it—Now, Vincentio,
The day has come—Celestine—[illegible]
Where all are gilded in death—[illegible]
The [illegible]
Where are [illegible]—[illegible]
Fathom—[illegible]—my eyes [illegible]
I am happiest chance that has given the field—
She must be [illegible]—[illegible]
I have [illegible]

Enter Bravo.

Bravo. For heaven's sake, where you are,
Tell me which way they passed—doth one take lead
To the eastern gate of the city—[illegible]!
My lord, my son—my brother, and Vincentio—

Lor. I know it all—and I shall reach the fate
That made [illegible] the [illegible]
Of such base [illegible] to Fredolo's [illegible]—
Your brother and Vincentio—

Bravo. Speak on, lord—
For heaven's sake, speak!

Lor. They are [illegible]—[illegible] heaven.
Their purpose is [illegible]—Fredolo, Fredolo,
No longer [illegible] a lip to [illegible]
But [illegible]
Come [illegible]
In still and [illegible]!

Nor let me perch upon the glorious top
Of golden royalty where I aspire!—
They have already entered in the grove
Of funeral cypress, ~~that above their heads~~
~~Hange in pale augury~~—Now they are lost
Amid the crowded trunks—and yet a moment
And they will be about it!—Now, Vicentio,
Thy fate is sealed—Colonna's arm is famed
Where all are skilled in death, and on thy breast
The fierce, impetuous soldier turns the point
Where sits mortality!—Ha! who comes here?
Evadne!—yes—my eyes deceive me not—
'Twas happiest chance that led me to the field—
She must be interrupted—let me think—
I have it—

Enter EVADNE.

EVAD. For heaven's sake, whoe'er you are,
Tell me which way they passed—doth not this lead
To the eastern gate of the city—Ha! Ludovico!
My lord, my lord—my brother, and Vicentio——

LUD. I know it all—and I shall thank the fate
That made Ludovico the messenger
Of such blest tidings to Evadne's ear—
Your brother and Vicentio.——

EVAD. Speak, my lord—
For heaven's sake, speak!

LUD. They are secure—thank heaven,
Their purpose is prevented.—Prithee, Evadne,
No longer seem a lily in the wind,
But bloom in soft tranquillity again!
Chase terror from those eyes, and beam, sweet maid,
In still and peaceful loveliness!

Evad. Secure!
My brother and Vicentio are secure;
Their purpose is prevented—Oh, my lord,
Do you not mock me with a sound so blest?

Lud. By providential circumstance, before
Their purpose was accomplished, both were seized,
And all their furious passions are as hushed
As the still waters of yon peaceful bay.

Evad. Ludovico, I cannot speak how much
Thou has bound me to thee, by the holy sounds
Thou hast breathed upon mine ear!—But, tell me, Sir,
Where, how, and when was this? What blessed hand
Between their wrath hath stretched its heavenly mercy,
And saved two lives more dear unto my heart
Than the strong pulse of life, thy words have waked
To such a rapturous throbbing?—Speak, my lord,
~~To whom should I fall down, and from mine eyes~~
~~Strive to pour out my bosom in my tears?~~

Lud. 'Twas I!

Evad. 'Twas you, Ludovico?

Lud. The same!
Hearing Olivia's marriage with Vicentio,
I saw the dreadful issue, and I flew
With the strong arm of power to intercept them.

Evad. 'Twas you, Ludovico—what shall I say?
I know not what to tell you—But, God bless you!
A thousand times God bless you!—On my knees,
And at your feet I thank you. [*She kneels.*

Lud. They are about it!
[*Aside, and looking towards the grove.*
" How beautiful she looks!—I never yet
" Beheld a fairer creature!—Oh, Vicentio—
" Did she prefer thee to me?—let it be so—

" She yet will be mine own!—Arise, Evadne!
" If I had given my life, upon my grave
" You should not thus have thanked me—beautiful woman!
" The gaze of those soft eyes, and the soft touch
" Of those fair hands I dare to press in mine,
" Have given me boundless recompense—Evadne!—
" EVAD. My lord, I pray you——"

LUD. Beautiful Evadne!
Loveliest beneath the skies, where every thing
Grows lovely as themselves—Nay, do not bend
Your eyes, and hide beneath these fleecy clouds
Stars beaming as the evening one, nor turn
That cheek away, that, like a cold rose, seems
Besprankt with snow!—nor strive to win from me
Those hands, which he who formed the lily, formed
With imitative whiteness—I will presume,
For your dear sight hath made a madman of me,
To press my rapture here—— [*Kisses her hand*

EVAD. My lord, I own,
That you surprise me, and were I not bound
By strenuous obligation, I should say,
Perchance, you did offend me—But I will not!
Accept my gratitude, and be you sure
These thanks are from a warm and honest heart.
Farewell—I do forgive——

LUD. You fly me then!

EVAD. I do not fly your presence, but I go
To seek my brother's bosom—

LUD. And Vicentio's!

EVAD. You would be merry, Sir.

LUD. I have not cause—
Nor shall you, Madam—You would fly me thus,

To rush at once into my rival's arms—
Nay, do not start—he well deserves the name—
I know him by no other.

EVAD. Sir, I hope
You will not revive a subject that has long
Between us been forgotten.

LUD. What! forgotten?
I did not think to hear it—said you forgotten?
Nay, do not think you leave me—in return
For such small service as I have done to-day,
I beg your audience—tell me what 's forgotten?
I would hear it from your lips.

EVAD. I did not mean—
Forgive, and let me go. × R.

LUD. What? what forgotten?
Your heartlessness to all the maddening power
Of the tumultuous passions in my heart!
What! what forgotten? all the injuries
You have cast upon my head—the stings of fire
You have driven into my soul—my agonies,
My tears, my supplications, and the groans
Of my indignant spirit! I can hold
My curbed soul no more—it rushes out!
What! what forgotten?—me—Ludovico!

EVAD. I pray you, my good lord, for heaven's sake, hear me.

LUD. What! to behold him like a pilferer,
With his smooth face of meanless infancy,
And his soft moulded body, steal away
That feathered thing, thy heart.

EVAD. Ludovico,
What may this sudden fury mean?—you do

2

R. Bolonna

2nd time L.

2ee

Blood ready R.

But act these horrid passions to affright me!
For you to-day preserved him, did you not?
Did you not say you saved Vicentio?

LUD. I will permit you shortly to embrace him—
I will not long detain you from his arms—
But you will find him grown as cold a lover
As moonlight statues—his fond arms will hang
In loosened idleness about your form,—
And from those lips where you were wont imbibe
The fiery respiration of the heart,
You will touch the coldness of the unsunned snow,
Without its purity.

EVAD. I now perceive
What you would hint, my lord;—doubtless you deem
Vicentio hath preferred Olivia's love?

LUD. If you can wake his heart to love again,
I'll hold you for a sorceress—no, Evadne,
You ne'er shall be Vicentio's—but mine!

EVAD. Yours!

LUD. Mine!—I have said it, and before to-night
I'll verify the prophecy.

EVAD. I know not
What lies within the dark and horrid cave
Of your imagination; but be sure
I had rather clasp Vicentio dead—I see
That you recoil with passion.

LUD. By the fires—
Down, down, my burning heart!—So you would rather
Within Vicentio's cold and mouldering shroud
Warm into love, than on this beating heart?
But, be it so—you will have occasion soon
To try the experiment,—and then, Evadne,
You will more aptly judge.

Evad. Ha! a strong glare,
Like the last flash from sinking ships, has poured
A horrid radiance on me—Ha! Ludovico—
Let it be frenzy that before my face
Spreads out that sheet of blood—~~thou fiend from hell!~~

Lud. Well, my Evadne?

Evad. Dæmon, hast thou mocked me?

Lud. Didst thou not scorn—didst thou not madden me?
Didst thou not—Ha! [*Perceiving* Colonna.
By heavens, it is himself!—
All is accomplished—and upon my front
Methinks I clasp the round of royalty!
Already do I clasp thee in mine arms!—
Evadne!—There—look there—Colonna comes,
And on that weapon flaming from afar
He bears the vengeance of Ludovico.

[*Exit* Ludovico.

Enter Colonna *with* his *Sword.*

Col. Evadne, here!

Evad. My brother!

Col. Call me so—
For I have proved myself to be thy brother.
Look here!—

Evad. There's blood upon it!

Col. And there should be.

Evad. Thou hast—

Col. I have revenged thee!

Evad. Thou hast slain—
Villain, thou hast slain Vicentio?

Col. I have revenged thee—
For any wrong done to my single self,
I should, perhaps, repent me of the deed;

3

Spalatro

R. Officer / 2cu

2d time 8 Guards

L.

L

R. Ludovico

But, for a wrong to thee—Why dost thou look
Up to the heavens with such a wildered gaze?

EVAD. To curse thee and myself, and all the world!
Villain, thou hast slain Vicentio—thou hast slain him
Who was as dear unto my frantic heart,
As thou art horrible!—and 'tis to me
Thou comest to tell it too—thou comest to bear
That weapon weltering with my lover's blood,
And stab these blasted eye-balls—Hide thee, villain!
Hide thee within the centre of the earth!—
Thou art all made of blood—and to the sun
Art grown detestable—Vicentio!
My lord! my bosom's throb!—my pulse of life!
My soul! my joy—my love!—my all the world!
Vicentio! Vicentio!

COL. No more!
He merits not thy sorrows.

EVAD. That fiend!
That villain, for whose black, accursed heart
Another penal world should be created!
Invent, Omnipotence, some fiercer orb
Than has been yet created for the damned,
And in its burning centre plunge the fiend
That mocked me into blood!

COL. Thy passionate grief
Doth touch me more than it beseems mine honour.

EVAD. Strike that infernal weapon thro' my heart!
Here—stab me thro' and thro'—here—lay me dead
Before thy feet—kill me—in mercy, kill me!—
If thou wilt do it, I will promise thee
Forgiveness in the other world for all
Thy cruelty to me,—Strike, strike, Colonna—
Not on thyself do I pronounce my curse,

I do recall my imprecations,
To pull them down on my own guilty head!—
'Twas I that murdered him—Ludovico
And I do share his life between us both,
And be it on our heads—Colonna, kill me!
Kill me, my brother!

Col. Prithee, my Evadne,
Let me conduct thy grief to secresy—
I must from hence prepare my speedy flight,
For now my head is forfeit to the law!

Enter Spalatro, *with Guards.*

Spal. Behold him here—Sir, I am sorry for
The duty which mine office hath prescribed!
You are my prisoner.

Col. Sir, there is need
Of little words to excuse you—I was talking
Of speeding me from Naples, as you came,
But I scarce grieve you interrupt my flight,—
Here is my sword.

Spal. You are doomed to death!

Evad. To death!

Spal. The king himself,
Hearing your combat with Vicentio,
Hath sworn, that who survived, shall by the axe—

Col. You speak before a woman—I was well
Acquainted with my fate before you spoke it.—

Evad. Death! must you die, Colonna! must you die?
Oh! no—no—no! not die, Sir,—Say not die—

Col. Retire, my sister—Sir, I follow you—

Evad. Oh, not die, Colonna! no Colonna,
They shall not take thee from me!

Col. My sweet sister!

I pray you, gentlemen, one moment more—
This lady is my sister, and indeed
Is now my only kin in all the world,
And I must die for her sake—my sweet sister!

EVAD. No, no, not die, my brother—Oh! not die!

COL. Evadne! sweet Evadne! Let me hear

[EVADNE *becomes gradually insensible,*

Thy voice before I go—I prithee, speak—
That even in death I may remember me
Of its sweet sounds, Evadne—She has fainted!
I pray, you may not wake from lethargy,
Till the last blow shall sever me from earth—
Sir, I have a prayer to you.—

SPAL. It shall be granted.

COL. My palace is hard by—let some of these
Good guardians of the law attend me thither.

[EVADNE *heaves a long sigh.*

Ah! what a heaving from the heart was there!
How cold this cheek—for the last time I press
A brother's kiss upon it—ha! a tear
Hangs on that eye-lid that 's scarce big enough
To fall along that cold and marble face—
Evadne, for thy sake, I am almost loth
To leave a world, the which, when I am gone
Thou wilt find, I fear, a solitary one!

[*Exit, bearing* EVADNE, *and followed by Guards.*

SCENE II. 2nd G.

A Prison.

R. Enter Ludovico, *meeting* Spalatro. *L.*

Lud. ~~Not here!—where is Colonna? who shall dare To tell me he has escaped?~~ Not yet arrived!

Spal. Guarded he bore
His sister to his palace, from the which
He will be soon led here.—
" Lud. If he had 'scaped,
" My projects from this teeming brain at once
" Abortively were ripped. But, as it is,
" His momentary absence doth become
" What I would speak to thee—I prithee here—"
Spalatro, as I passed, a rumour came,
Colonna's sword had but half done the work,
And that Vicentio was not stabbed to death—
If he still lives—but till I am sure of it,
No need to speak my resolution,—
Thou art his friend—

Spal. Such I'm indeed accounted,
But, save yourself, none doth deserve the name.

Lud. Then, hie thee hence, Spalatro, to inform me,
If yet Vicentio breathes, and afterwards, Spal. X R.
I'll make some trial of thy love to me. [*Exit* Spalatro. R.

L. Enter Colonna, Officer & *and Guards.*

Col. Conduct me to my dungeon!—I have parted

From all that bound my bosom to the world—
Ludovico!—

LUD. The same!

COL. Come you, my lord,
To swill with drunken thirst, the poor revenge
That makes a little mind's ignoble joy?

LUD. Guards! I discharge Colonna from your care,—
He is no more your prisoner—Hence!

[*Exeunt Guards.*

My lord,
Such is the vengeance of Ludovico!

COL. What is a man doomed to the stroke of death
To understand by this?

LUD. That I am his friend
Who called me traitor!

COL. Such I call you still.

LUD. Well then, I am a traitor.

COL. There is here
A kind of marvellous honesty, my lord.

LUD. In you 'twas nobleness to bear the charge,
And yet 'twas glory to deserve it too.
Your father was the tutor of the king,
And loyalty is your inheritance—
I am not blind to such exalted virtue,
And I resolved to win Colonna's heart,
As hearts like his are won!—Unto the king
Soon as Vicentio's fate had reached mine ear,
I hastened and implored your life.

COL. My life!—
Well, sir, my life?— *(with indifference.)*

LUD. Upon my knees I fell,
Nor can I speak the joy that in my heart—
Leaped, when I heard him say, that thou should'st live.

Col. I am loth to owe you gratitude, my lord,
But, for my sister's sake, whom I would not
Leave unprotected on the earth, I thank you!
Lud. You have no cause to thank me, for, Colonna,
He did pronounce your death, e'en as he said
He gave you life.
Col. I understand you not.
Lud. Your honour's death, Colonna, which I hold
The fountain of vitality.
Col. Go on!
I scarce did hear what did concern my life,
But aught that touches honour——
Lud. Oh! Colonna,
" It struck me like a pestilence—it shrunk,
" It blighted me with horror!—The sirocco,
" If suddenly mid yonder summer sky
" From Afric's waste upon its wings of fire
" It rushed down to consume, would not have breath
" More withering than the sounds which fell upon me."
I almost dread to tell thee!
Col. Prithee, speak!
You put me on the rack!
Lud. Wilt thou promise me,—
I will not ask thee to be calm, Colonna,—
Wilt promise me, that thou wilt not be mad?
Col. Whate'er it be, I will contain myself.
You said 'twas something that concern'd mine honour,
The honour of mine house—he did not dare
To say my blood should by a foul attaint
Be in my veins corrupted; from their height
The mouldering banners of my family,
Flung to the earth; the 'scutcheons of my fame
Trod by dishonour's foot, and my great race
Struck from the list of nobles?

LUD. No, Colonna,
Struck from the list of men!—he dared to ask
As a condition for thy life, (my tongue
Doth falter as I speak it, and my heart
Can scarcely heave) by heavens, he dared to ask
That to his foul, and impious clasp, thou should'st
Yield up thy sister—

COL. Ha!

LUD. Barter for life
By horrid immolation of her charms,
Give her to profanation!—" Do not stare,
" Like one that with imperfect sense hath left
" Sleep's natural attitude, and walks abroad
" In horrid slumber, with his eyes wide-stretched,
" As if he did commune with other worlds.
" If thou must needs be waked, I 'll halloo it
" Into thine ear"—The king doth set a price
Upon thy life, and 'tis thy sister's honour.

COL. My sister!

LUD. Aye! thy sister!

COL. What! my sister!

LUD. Yes! ~~do you start at last?~~—Your sister, sir,
Evadne!

COL. Thou hast plunged into mine ear
A sword of fire, and draw'st it to and fro,
Athwart my brain—my sister!

LUD. Yes, Colonna!
The beautiful Evadne! " I scarce thought
" That living man could dare—what dost thou gaze
" With such wild aspect on?—
" COL. At red Vesuvius!—
" Dost thou not yonder see the mount of fire?
" Bellowing, and sending from the abyss of flame

"Its entrails to the stars—hast ever heard
"It was the mouth of hell?
"Lud. It is my lord,
"The people's superstition.
"Col. Then I would
"Their faith were right, that to the raging brink
"Of the red bellowing crater, I might drag him,
"And down the gulfs of sulphur plunge him deep
"Into the billows of eternal fire.
"My sister!
"Lud. Hold, Colonna!"

Col. By yon heaven,
The [illegible] he [illegible] were large with immortality,
I will find some way to kill him! ~~tho' he had been~~
~~Bathed twenty fathoms in the anointing Styx~~
~~Of his damned royalty, I'd tear his heart out!~~
My sister!
Lud. Do not waste in idle wrath——
Col. My fathers! do you hear it in the tomb?
Do not your mouldering remnants of the earth
Feel horrid animation in the grave,
And strive to burst the ponderous sepulchre,
And throw it off?—My sister! oh! you heavens!
Was this reserved for me? for me!—the son
Of that great man that tutored him in arms,
And loved him as myself?—I know you wonder
That tears are dropping from my flaming eye-lids;
But 'tis the steaming of a burning heart,
And these are drops of fire—my sister!
Lud. Now—
Do you now call me traitor? Do you think
'Twas such a crime from off my country's heart
To fling this incubus of royalty?—

R. Act

Am I a traitor? is 't a sin, my lord,
To think a dagger were of use in Naples?

COL. Thou shalt not touch a solitary hair
Upon the villain's head!—his life is mine;
His heart is grown my property—Ludovico,
None kills him but myself!—I will, this moment,
Amid the assembled court, in face of day,
Rush on the monster, and without a sword
Tear him to pieces! —— going L.

LUD. Nay, Colonna,
Within his court he might perchance escape you,—
But, if you do incline to do a deed
Antiquity would envy,—with the means
He hath furnished you himself!—He means, Colonna,
In your own house that you should hold to-night
A glorious revelry, to celebrate
Your sovereign's sacred presence; and so soon
As all the guests are parted, you yourself
Should lead your sister to him——

COL. That I should
Convert the palace of mine ancestors
Into a place of brothelry—myself!——
Tell me no more, I prithee, if thou wouldst
I should be fit for death!—

LUD. In honour be
A Roman, an Italian in revenge.
Waste not in idle and tempestuous sound
Thy great resolve.—The king intends to bear
The honour of his presence to your house,—
Nay, hold!—I'll tell him you consent—he straight
Will fall into the snare, and then, Colonna,
Make offering of his blood to thy revenge!

COL. I thank thee for thy warning—'tis well thought on—

I 'll make my vengeance certain, and commend
Thy wisdom in the counselling.—" The hope
" Of shedding his hot blood, hath made me cool,
" And quench'd the fires of wrath!"

Lud. Then, hie thee hence!
And make meet preparation for the banquet.
I 'll straight return, and tell him you 're all joy
In the honour of his coming.

Col. Let him bring
His purple robes to make a shroud withal,—
" He shall be entertained, with wines of Greece,
" And glorious sumptuousness—I 'll feast him high,
" To make his blood the richer, with the which
" I will make libation to revenge, and when
" The deed is done——
" Lud. We'll fling him in the sea
" From off the battlements, and send his corpse
" On the rough back of some propitious wave,
" Yonder to Caprea's isle, the famed abode
" Of old Tiberius, where he used to drag
" The daughters, wives, and sisters of the chief
" Of Rome's great senate to be sacrificed
" To his decrepid villany!—'tis there,
" The sea shall give him burial!—on the shore
" Already sacred to atrocity,
" 'Tis fit he rot!
" Col. Right, right, Ludovico!
" I 'll hence this instant, and prepare for him—
" And, prithee, haste him on to destiny!"

The rigorous muscles of my clenched hand
Already feel impatience for the blow
That strikes the crowned monster to the heart.

[*Exeunt severally.*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

= Speak & Give Out =

= Bradne Dresses =

1

Ludovico

R.d. 1.te King

Colonna - Dagger

Lee Evadne Ready

ACT V.

Lights a little down all the act

SCENE I. 3rd and 4th G.

A vast Hall in Colonna's Palace, filled with Statues. The Moon streams in through the Gothic Windows, and appears to fall upon the Statues. A Chamber-door at the back.

D. 1st E. R. *Enter the* KING *and* LUDOVICO.

LUD. THIS is the way, my liege. Colonna bade me
Conduct you to your chamber, while he went
To seek the fair Evadne, and conduct
Her soft reluctance to your highness' arms.

KING. Ludovico, thou hast proved thyself to-day
The genius of my happier destiny:
Thee must I thank, for 'twas thy rarer wit
Did guide me on to heaven.

LUD. I 'll send you there. *(aside.)*

KING. When first I heard Vicentio fell beneath
The hot Colonna's sword, I do confess
It smote me sore, but now 'tis told abroad
That he hath passed all peril.

Lud. I am glad
His death does not conduct you to your joys—
Vicentio bears a slight unharming wound,
That sheds his blood, but perils not his life:
But let him pass—let not a thought of him
Flit round the couch of love.

King. Good night, my friend,
And prithee, bid Colonna swiftly lead her
To the expecting transports of my heart.

Lud. I will bid him speed her coyness.

King. Hie thee, Ludovico,
For every moment seems an age. [*Exit to Chamber. C. D.*

Lud. An age!
For you, nor minute, hour, nor day, nor year,
Nor age, shall shortly be. "I do not think
"In hell there is a time-glass; if the damned
"E'er ask what time it is—I 've heard priests say
"That conscience answers—' 'Tis eternity!'
"Henceforth, my liege, there is no time for you."
'Tis now the dead of night—That sounds to me
Like an apt word,—for nature doth to me
Shew like a giant corse—This mighty world,
Its wide and highly-vaulted sepulchre,
And yonder moon a tomb-lamp! when the king
Lies dead to boot, all things will then appear
In a more full proportion.—Ha! he comes!
My dull and unconscious instrument!—Colonna!

R. 1. E. Enter Colonna *with a dagger.*

Welcome, my friend, for such I dare to call you.—
The king 's already to his bed retired,
Where death will be his paramour.

Col. I have heard

Vicentio was not wounded unto death—
Would this were sooner known?

LUD. Why, my good lord?

COL. Because the king would not have offered me
Such an indignity, nor should I now
Tread into murder.

LUD. Murder—I had hoped,
You would not on the threshold of the deed
Stay tottering thus—~~Why, you look paler, sir,~~
~~Than one of these white statues~~—One would deem
It was a deed of sin, and not of honour,
That you had undertaken.

COL. By yon heaven,
I cannot stab him like a slave that's hired
To be a blood-shedder! I cannot clench
This hand, accustomed to a soldier's sword,
Around this treacherous hilt, and with the other
Squeeze the choked spirit from the gasping throat—
Then kneel upon his bosom, and press out
The last faint sigh of life! Down, damned steel!
Fit instrument for cowards—I will play
A warrior's part, and arm him for the fight!—
Give me thy sword that I may put defence
Into the tyrant's hand, and nobly kill him.—
Come forth! [*Going to the door.*

throws down the Dagger, near R.

LUD. Hold, madman, hold!—what wouldst thou do?

COL. Bravely encounter him—not take his life
Like a mercenary stabber.

LUD. Hast thou thought
That he may be the victor too?

COL. My death
Will not be thought inglorious.

LUD. There's some praise

In falling by the hand of royalty;
But when you are laid within your sepulchre
And rot most honourably, then I fear me,
A lesser shame will not befall your house
For all the graven marbles on your tomb!—
Your sister—

Col. Ha!

Lud. Your sister will not find,
When you are dead, a bulwark in your grave,
Where will she find a guardian arm—thine arm
Will be the food of the consuming worm,
While in the hot embraces of the king—

Col. I did not think on that.

Lud. But I perhaps mistake you all this while—
You have better thought upon the dignity
He means your house.

Col. You do not dare—

Lud. I dare to tell you this—
Who can forgive such injury as thine,
Hath half consented to it.—How is it
The glorious resolve hath cooled within thee?
Hath any thing befallen, that should have blown
On the red iron of thy heated wrath,
And steeped thee back to meekness.—Was the touch
Of his warm amorous hand, wherein he palmed
Her struggling fingers, ice upon your rage?
When he did tread upon her yielding foot
Beneath the cloth of gold——

Col. If I had seen it,
He had not lived an instant!

Lud. When you turned,
He flung his arms around, and on her cheek
He pressed his ravenous lips!—'Sdeath, Sir, consider——

2

L.M.B. Cradre

You pray the King of Naples to your roof,—
You hail his coming in a feast that kings
Could scarce exceed in glory—It is blown
Thro' all the city that he sleeps to-night
Within your sister's bed; and, it is said,
That you, yourself, have smoothed the pillow down.

COL. Where is he? let me see him who presumes
To think the blasphemy.

LUD. Behold him here!
I, sir—yes, I—Ludovico, dare think
With every man in Naples, if the king
Should leave your roof with life, that he has tasted
The fruit he came to pluck.

COL. No more—no more—
He perishes, Ludovico!

LUD. That's well—
I am glad to see you pull into your heart X R. take up the Dagger
Its brave resolve again—and if there be
Aught wanting to confirm thee, think, Colonna,
Think that you give your country liberty,
While you revenge yourself!—Go, my Colonna—
Yonder's the fated chamber—plunge the steel = gives the Dagger to Colonna
Into his inmost heart, and let the blood
Flow largely, "till the floor absorb it up:
"That men hereafter journeying to Naples,
"May go to see the chamber, where the gore
"Shed by Colonna's hand doth rust for ever!"

COL. I'll call to thee when it is done.

LUD. Hark thee! he'll cry for life—and well I know
The pleading for existence may have power
Upon thy noble nature—then, Colonna,
Drown every shriek with chaste Evadne's name,
And stab him as thou criest it! [Exit. R.d. 1E

C.

[COLONNA *advances towards the chamber-door.*

COL. I will do it!—

[*He pushes the door, and finds, from his agitated condition, it is difficult to move.*

I can scarce move the door—it will not yield—
It seems as if some mighty hand were laid
Against it to repel me.

L.H.C. (*Voice exclaims*) Hold!

COL. (*Starting*) It was only
My thought informed the air with voice around me—
Why should I feel as if I walked in guilt
And trod to common murder—he shall die!
Come then, enraging thought, into my breast
And turn it into iron!

L.H.C. (*Voice.*) Hold!

COL. It shot
With keen reality into mine ear.
A figure in the shadow of the moon,
Moves slowly on my sight, ~~and now appears~~
~~Like a fair spirit of the midnight hour~~!
What art thou?

L.H.C. EVADNE *advances from behind the Statues,* from L.

EVAD. Heaven does not alone employ
The holy creatures of another world,
As heralds of its merciful behests:
But can make angels of the things of earth,
And use them in its purest minist'rings.
My brother!

COL. How, my sister! ~~is it meet~~
~~You watch the foot-fall of my midnight round?~~
Come you across my purpose?

EVAD. From my chamber

[illegible]

(Exit [illegible])

[illegible] and pride, from his signature

[illegible] to man

[illegible] it will not yield -

[illegible] mighty hand were laid

Again [illegible]

(Wave and wave [illegible])

Cor. (Aside.) It was only

Mahomet on [illegible] in an with voice around me—

While [illegible] well-[illegible] pain

And to common [illegible] he shall do!

[illegible] through his lips

Are [illegible]!

(Wave [illegible])

(Cor.) [illegible]

With [illegible]

A figure [illegible]

Never [illegible] not more [illegible]

Like a [illegible] made [illegible]

What are [illegible]

[illegible] from [illegible] the Sultan.

Fear. He can does not alone [illegible]

The [illegible] another world,

As [illegible] in [illegible]

But [illegible] the things of earth

And [illegible] in [illegible]

Why [illegible]

Cor. How [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

3

C. D. King

That to the great hall leads, I did behold you,
In dreadful converse with Ludovico.—
Your looks at the banquet did unto my fears
Forebode no blessed issue, for your smiles
Seemed veils of death, and underneath your brows
I saw the silent furies—Oh, Colonna,—
Thank Heaven, the safety of Vicentio
Has given me power to watch your dangerous steps!
What would you do?

COL. Methinks it ill pertains
To woman's humbler nature to pursue
The steps of man, and pry into his purpose.
Get thee to rest.

EVAD. Is that high front, Colonna,
One to write Cain upon?—Alas, Colonna,
I did behold you with Ludovico,
By yonder moon, and I as soon had seen thee
Commune with the great foe of all mankind—
What wouldst thou do?

COL. Murder!

EVAD. What else, Colonna,
Couldst thou have learned from Ludovico?

COL. In yonder chamber lies the king—I go
To stab him to the heart?

EVAD. 'Tis nobly done!
I will not call him king—but guest, Colonna—
Remember, you have called him here—remember
You have pledged him in your father's golden cup;
Have broken bread with him—the man, Colonna,—

COL. Who dares to set a price upon my life—
What think'st thou 'twas?

EVAD. I think there's nought too dear
To buy Colonna's life.

COL. 'Twas a vast price

He asked me then—you were to pay it too—
It was my Evadne's honour.

EVAD. Ha!

COL. He gives my life upon condition—Oh, my sister!
I am ashamed to tell thee what he asked.

EVAD. What! did he?—

COL. Thou dost understand me now?—
Now—if thou wilt, abide thee here, Evadne,
Where thou mayest hear his groan. [*Going in.*

EVAD. Forbear, Colonna!
For Heaven's sake, stay—this was the price he asked thee?
He asked thee for thy life?—*thy* life?—but, no—
Vicentio lives, and——

COL. (*Aside*) How is this? She seems
To bear too much of woman in her heart;
She trembles—yet she does not shrink—her cheek
Is not inflamed with anger, and her eye
Darts not the lightning!—

EVAD. Oh! my dearest brother,
Let not this hand, this pure, this white fair hand,
Be blotted o'er with blood.

COL. Why, is it possible,
She has ta'en the sinful wish into her heart?
By Heaven, her pride is dazzled at the thought
Of having this same purple villain kneel,
And bend his crown before her—She 's a woman!
Evadne!

EVAD. Well?

COL. The king expects me to
Conduct you to his chamber—Shall I do so?

EVAD. I prithee, be not angry at my prayer—
But bid him come to me.

COL. What! bid him come to thee?

EVAD. And leave me with him here.

COL. What! leave thee with him?

EVAD. Yes—I implore it of thee—prithee, Colonna,
Conduct my sovereign here.

COL. Yes—I will try her—
I know not what she means, but, hitherto,
I deemed her virtuous.—If she fall, she dies.—
I'll here conceal myself, and if in word
She give consent, I 'll rush upon them both
And strike one heart thro' the other.

EVAD. Send him to me.

COL. There 's a wild purpose in her solemn eye—
I know not if 'tis sin, but I will make
A terrible experiment.—What, ho!
My liege, I bear fulfilment of my promise—
Colonna bears Evadne to your arms!

C. D. Enter the KING *from the Chamber.*

KING. Colonna, my best friend, how shall I thank thee?
But where is my Evadne?

COL. There, my lord!

KING. Colonna, I not only give thee life,
But place thee near myself; henceforth thou wilt wear
A nobler title in thy family,—
And to thy great posterity we 'll send
My granted dukedom.

COL. Sir, you honour me.
My presence is no longer needed here.
(Aside) A word's consent despatches them!

[*He conceals himself* ~~behind the pillars~~ Exit R.

KING. Evadne!
Thou fairest creature that ever feasted yet
My ravished sense with beauty, whose fine form

Is full of charms, as nature in the spring
Is rich in rosy blossoms—I approach thee
With all the trembling passion that untold
Save by Ludovico,—

Evad. Ludovico!

King. Yes, my Evadne, to his trusty care
I did commit my fires—nay, do not feign
This pretty wonderment,—my sweet Evadne,
Let me conduct you by the fairest hand
That man hath ever touched—

Evad. (*Retiring*) I pray you, sir—

King. My ~~lovely trembler~~, lay aside thy sad
And drooping aspect in this hour of joy!
~~Stoop not thy head, that like a pale rose bends~~
~~Upon its yielding stalk~~—thou hast no cause
For such a soft abashment, for be sure
I'll place thee high in honour.

Evad. Honour, sir!——

King. Yes; I'll exalt thee into dignity,
Adorn thy name with titles—All my court
Shall watch the movement of thy countenance,
Riches and power shall wait upon thy smile,
And in the lightest bending of thy brow
Death and disgrace inhabit.

Evad. And, my liege,
That will inhabit my own heart?

King. My love!
Come, my Evadne—what a form is here?
The imaginers of beauty did of old
O'er three rich forms of sculptured excellence
Scatter the naked graces; but the hand
Of mightier nature hath in thee combined
All varied charms together.

EVAD. You were speaking
Of sculpture, sir—I do remember me,
You are deemed a worshipper of that high art,
Whose bright creation lighting on the dead
And shapeless marble, turns it into life,
And mimicking divinity can make
Its breathing mass immortal!—Here, my lord,
Is matter for your transports! [*Pointing to the Statues.*

KING. Fair Evadne!
Do you not mean to mock me? Not to gaze
On yonder lifeless marbles did I come
To visit you to-night, but in the pure,
And blue-veined alabaster of a breast,
Richer than heaves the Parian that has wed
The Florentine to immortality.—

EVAD. You deem me of a light capricious mood,
But it were hard if, (woman as I am)
I could not use my sex's privilege—
Tho' I should ask you for yon orb of light,
That shines so brightly, and so sadly there,
And fills the ambient air with purity—
Should you not feign, as 'tis the wont of those
Who cheat a wayward child, to draw it down,
And in the sheeted splendour of a stream
To catch its shivering brightness!—It is my pleasure
That you should look upon these reverend forms,
That keep the likeness of mine ancestry—
I must enforce you to it!—

KING. Wayward woman!
What arts does she intend to captivate
My soul more deeply in her toils?

EVAD. [*Going to a Statue.* R. 2 E.
Behold!

The glorious founder of my family!
It is the great Rodolpho!—he was famed
When heroes filled the world, and deeds that now
Are miracles, were the unmarvelled growth
Of every day's succession!—Charlemagne
Did fix that sun upon his shield, to be
His glory's blazoned emblem; for at noon,
When the astronomer cannot discern
A spot upon the full-orbed disk of light,
'Tis not more bright than his immaculate name!
With what austere, and dignified regard
He lifts the type of purity, and seems
Indignantly to ask, if aught that springs
From blood of his, shall dare to sully it
With a vapour of the morning!

King. It is well;
His frown has been attempered in the lapse
Of generations, to thy lovely smile,—
I swear, he seems not of thy family.—
My fair Evadne, I confess, I hoped
Another sort of entertainment here.

Evad. Another of mine ancestors, my liege—
Guelfo the Murderer! = Static L.S.T.C. =

King. The Murderer!
I knew not that your family was stained
With the reproach of blood.

Evad. We are not wont
To blush, tho' we may sorrow for his sin,
If sin indeed it be.—His castle walls
Were circled by the siege of Saracens,—
He had an only daughter whom he prized
More than you hold your diadem; but when
He saw the fury of the infidels

Burst through his shattered gates, and on his child
Dishonour's hand was lifted, with one blow
He struck her to the heart, and with the other,
He stretched himself beside her.

KING. Fair Evadne,
I'll bid your brother chide you for delay,—
Perverse, capricious woman!

EVAD. I'll not raise
A tax upon your patience by regard
Of this large host of heroes.—They are those
Who fought in Palestine, and shed their blood
For the holy sepulchre.—Two oaths they swore—
One to defend their God—the other was,
With their right arms to guard the chastity
Of an insulted woman.

KING. Fair Evadne,
I must no more indulge you, else I fear
You would scorn me for my patience; prithee, love,
No more of this wild phantasy!

EVAD. My liege,
But one remains, and when you have looked upon it,
And thus complied with my ~~desire~~, you will find me
Submissive to your own.—Look here, my lord,—
Know you this statue? — Statue L. 1st P.

KING. No, in sooth, I do not.

EVAD. Nay—look again—for I shall think but ill
Of princely memories, if you can find
Within the inmost chambers of your heart
No image like to this—look at that smile—
That smile, my liege—look at it!

KING. It is your father!

EVAD. *(Breaking into exultation.)*
Aye!—'tis indeed my father!—'tis my good,

Exalted, generous, and god-like father!
Whose memory, though he had left his child
A naked, houseless roamer through the world,
Were an inheritance a princess might
Be proud of for her dower! It is my father!
Whose like in honour, virtue, and the fine
Integrity that constitutes a man,
He hath not left behind!—there is that smile,
That, like perpetual day-light, shone about him
In clear and bright magnificence of soul!
Who was my father?

(With a proud and conscious interrogatory.)

King. One, whom I confess
Of high and many virtues.

Evad. Is that all?
I will help your memory, and tell you first,
That the late King of Naples looked among
The noblest in his realm for that good man,
To whom he might intrust your opening youth,
And found him worthiest. In the eagle's nest
Early he placed you, and beside his wing
You learned to mount to glory! Underneath
His precious care you grew, and you were once
Thought grateful for his service. His whole life
Was given to your uses, and his death—
Ha! do you start, my lord? On Milan's plain
He fought beside you, and when he beheld
A sword thrust at your bosom, rushed—it pierced him!
He fell down at your feet,—he did, my lord!
He perished to preserve you! [*Rushes to the Statue.*] Breathless image,
Altho' no heart doth beat within that breast,
No blood is in those veins, let me enclasp thee,

4

R.U.C. Colonna

5

R.d.18. Ludovico

And feel thee at my bosom.—Now, Sir, I am ready—
Come and unloose these feeble arms, and take me!—
Aye, take me from this neck of senseless stone,—
And to reward the father with the meet
And wonted recompense that princes give—
Make me as foul as blotted pestilence,
As black as darkest midnight, and as vile
As guilt and shame can make me.

KING. She has smitten
Compunction thro' my soul!

EVAD. Approach, my lord!
Come in the midst of all mine ancestry,
Come and unloose me from my father's arms—
Come, if you dare, and in his daughter's shame
Reward him for the last drops of the blood
Shed for his prince's life!—Come!—

KING. Thou hast wrought
A miracle upon thy prince's heart,
And lifted up a vestal lamp, to shew
My soul its own deformity—my guilt!

EVAD. [*Disengaging herself from the Statue.*] Ha! have you got a soul?—have you yet left,
Prince as you are, one relic of a man?
Have you a soul?—he trembles—he relents—
I read it in the glimmering of his face;
And there 's a tear, the bursting evidence
Of nature 's holy working in the heart!
Oh, God! he weeps! my sovereign, my liege
Heart! do not burst in ecstasy too soon!
My brother! my Colonna!—hear me—hear!
In all the wildering triumph of my soul,
I call upon thee!
[*Turning, she perceives* COLONNA *advancing from among the Statues*]

There he is—my brother!
Colonna, let me rush into thine arms,
And in thy bosom I will try to keep
My bursting heart within me.

G. Col. Let me behold thee,
Let me compress thee here!—Oh! my dear sister!
A thousand times mine own!—I glory in thee,
More than in all the heroes of my name!—
I overheard your converse, and methought
It was a blessed spirit that had ta'en
Thy heavenly form, to shew the wondering world
How beautiful was virtue!—Sir,— *(to the King)*

L. Evad. Colonna,
There is your King!
Col. Thou hast made him so again!
Thy virtue hath re-crowned him—and I kneel
His faithful subject here!

R. King. Arise, Colonna!
You take the attitude that more befits
The man who would have wrong'd you, but whose heart,
Was by a seraph call'd again to heaven!
Forgive me!
Col. Yes, with all my soul I do!
And I will give you proof how suddenly
You are grown my Prince again.—Do not inquire
What I intend, but let me lead you here
Behind these statues.—
Retire my best Cousins! *(Places the* King *behind the Statues.)* R.H.E.
Ho! Ludovico! [Evadne ~~retires~~ Exits L.
What ho! there!—Here he comes!

R.d. *Enter* Ludovico.

Ludovico,
I have done the deed!

6

Officer

R.d. 1st C.

S. Guards

Lucr. He is dead?

Cor. He is as dead

As twenty stabs could make him—this, his heart

Even as thou bearest me, did I drive the steel,

And as he cried for life, Tullus's name

Drowned his last shriek!

Lucr. Sir!

Cor. Why, Lucrece,

Stand you thus rapt? Why does your face bear

In such a [illegible] Why is [illegible]

Your [illegible] upon your [illegible] Why [illegible] [illegible] you

Lucr. [illegible] a strong [illegible] [illegible]

Cor. How is that?

Lucr. So, thou hast slain the king!

Cor. I did but follow your advice, my lord

Lucr. Therefore, I call ye—I call—I call—I from the king's head

Thou hast ta'en the crown, to place it on mine own!

Therefore I tuned my [illegible], for I did think

That probably, I left the diadem

Wreathing its gold round about my brow!

But, by your heaven, scarce do I feel more joy

In climbing up to empire, than I do

In knowing thee my dope!

Cor. I know, my lord,

You hade me kill the king.

Lucr. And since thou hast slain him,

Know more—[illegible] that first wanton his heart

Lighted impurity,—[illegible] Cloudius,—

Hear it—[illegible] that dire persuade the king

To ask thy sister's honour as the price

Of [illegible] accorded life

Cor. You?—

Lucr. Would [illegible] more?—

LUD. He is dead?

COL. ~~He is as dead~~

~~As twenty stabs could make him~~—thro' his heart
E'en as thou badest me, did I drive the steel,
And as he cried for life, Evadne's name
Drowned his last shriek!

LUD. So!

COL. Why, Ludovico,
Stand you thus rapt? Why does your bosom heave
In such wild tumult? Why is it you place
Your hand upon your front? What hath possessed you?

LUD. *(With a strong laugh of irony)* Fool!

COL. How is this?

LUD. So, thou hast slain the king?

COL. I did but follow your advice, my lord.

LUD. Therefore, I call ye—Fool!—From the king's head
Thou hast ta'en the crown, to place it on mine own!
Therefore I touched my front, for I did think
That palpably, I felt the diadem
Wreathing its golden round about my brow!
But, by yon heaven, scarce do I feel more joy
In climbing up to empire, than I do
In knowing thee my dupe!

COL. I know, my lord,
You bade me kill the king.

LUD. And since thou hast slain him,
Know more,—'twas I that first within his heart
Lighted impurity;—'twas I, Colonna,—
Hear it—'twas I that did persuade the king
To ask thy sister's honour, as the price
Of thine accorded life!

COL. You?—

LUD. Wouldst hear more?—

To-morrow sees me king! I have already
Prepared three thousand of my followers
To call me to the throne—and when I am there,
I'll try thee for the murdering of the king,—
And then—What ho, there! Guards!—then, my good lord,
When the good trenchant axe hath struck away
That dull, and passionate head of thine—What ho!
I'll take the fair Evadne to mine arms,
And thus——

R. D. Enter Officer and Guards.

On yonder traitor seize!—
With sacrilegious hand he has ta'en away
The consecrated life of majesty,
And——

R. H. E. The KING *comes forward.*

What do I behold? is not my sense
Mocked with this horrid vision? "Hold my frame
" A little longer—and, you faculties
" Of reasonable man, droop not beneath
" That horrid phantom," that hath started up
To make an idiot of me—is it not
The vapour of the senses that has framed
The only spectacle that ever yet
Appalled Ludovico?—

KING. Behold thy king!

LUD. He lives!—I am betrayed—but let me not
Play traitor to myself—befriend me still
Thou guarding genius of Ludovico!—
My liege, my royal master, do I see you
Safe from the plots of yon accursed traitor?
And throwing thus myself around your knees
Do I clasp reality?

L. Cradne

a. L. Enter Cradne, & Bolonna

Crad. Oh! my brother!

King. Thou hast a second time preserved thy Prince!

KING. Traitor, arise!
Nor dare pollute my garment with a touch!
I know thee for a villain!—Seize him, guards!
LUD. *(Drawing his sword.)*
By this right arm they dare not—this right arm
That to the battle oft hath led them on,
Whose power to kill they know, but would not feel!—
I am betrayed—but who will dare to leap
Into the pit wherein the lion's caught,
And hug with him for death? Not one of this
Vile herd of trembling wretches!
[*To the King.*] Thou art meet alone to encounter me,
And thus in the wild bravery of despair,
I rush into thy life!
COL. *(Intercepts and stabs him.)* And there! and there!
That went into thy heart!—Art thou immortal
Must I yet stab thee deeper?

[LUDOVICO *falls.*

~~EVAD. (Rushing up to COLONNA.) Oh! my brother!~~
~~KING. Thou hast a second time preserved thy prince!~~

LUD. Colonna, thou hast conquered.
Oh! that I could,
Like an expiring dragon, spit upon you!—
That I could—thus I fling the drops of life
In showers of poison on you—May it fall
Like Centaur-blood, and fester you to madness!
Oh! that I could——

[*He grasps his sword, and, in an effort to rise, dies.* — a.

" COL. In that gasp
" The soul rushed to infinity.
" EVAD. Oh! turn away
" From that affrighting spectacle! the good
" Look awfully in death—the bad—[*With a broken shudder.*

King. "Evadne,
"We'll turn to living beauty, dignified
"And fair, illumined by the silver light
"Of the bright soul within! Your sovereign owes
"His diadem to you, and what is more,
"The contrite spirit that shall make him fit
"To bear it on his head!—Henceforth, Colonna,
"Share thou my kingdom with me, and adorn
"My councils by thy virtue."—Fair Evadne,
We will repair our injuries to thee,
And wait in all the pomp of royalty
Upon the sacred day that gives thy hand
To thy beloved Vicentio!

Col. And the nuptials
Shall at the pedestal be solemnized
Of our great father!

Evad. Dost not think, Colonna,—
Dost thou not think, his holy spirit spreads
His wings around to shelter us from harm—
And that amid the fleshless world he looks
With nature's tender feelings on his child?—
Here every night, before I go to rest,
I will kneel down, and say my orisons.

"Col. And if the coldest heretic should chance
"To see thee kneeling there, with thy white hands
"Folded upon thy bosom, and thine eyes
"Bright with adoring love, he would not dare
"To call thy worship an idolatry."

THE END.

And ever, as in this blest moment, may
His guardian spirit with celestial love
Spread its bright wings to shelter us from ill
With natures tenderest feelings looking down
Benignant on the fortunes of his child.

The End

Officers Guards

Ludovico's body Colonna - Cradne - King

R. L.

C. M. T.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MRS. FAUCIT.

DROP SCENE.—*The Hall of Dramatic Statues.*

SENT hither by our Bard, no pleasant jaunt—
In Epilogue a timorous debutante,
I ask your favour, like a prudent elf,
One word for him, and one word for myself!

Cut off, like Crusoe, from the social walk,
With no Man Friday to keep up the talk
Frown'd on by yonder monumental sages
(Pointing to the Drop.)
In marble. What an awful thing the stage is!
Of Thespian Bards yon Alpha and Omega,
From mighty SHAKESPEARE down to LOPE DE VEGA;
Each shakes his awful curls, and seems to say,—
"Surely the author *means* to damn his play;
What! send an Actress out, the town t' implore,
Who never spoke an Epilogue before!
Olivia for *Evadne*,—mighty clever!
Woman for woman! that is new, however!"

Peace, ye monopolists, on marble shelves,
You want to damn all statues but yourselves.
Avaunt! "I've caught the Speaker's eye" before ye,
Rear-rank, Attention! while I tell a story.
PYGMALION once, to ape the Turner's trade,
With curious labour carved an ivory maid,
But as immortal grace each limb unfolds,
He glows with passion for the maid he moulds,

EPILOGUE.

And cries, (how vain were artists e'en in Greece)
" Come! that 's a statue! that 's art's masterpiece!"
Long he adores her with a lover's mien,
And thus, at length, petitions Beauty's Queen;
" Oh, Venus, bid me taste of Hymen's bliss,
" And 'bone of my bone' make yon ivory Miss!
" Hush! foolish youth!" (aside thus Momus sung)
" Leave well alone! a statue has no tongue!"
Vain was the hint; the silliest of the Greeks
Repeats his vow, and gains the boon he seeks.
The statue woke to life, with eager spring
PYGMALION changed his chisel for a ring;
And as no parent lived to thwart his plans,
Of course no cross papa forbade the banns.

From that time forth, unwarmed by lover's breath,
Statues, or bone, or stone, have slept in death.
But if to-night, you bid *Evadne* thrive,
We hope to see the miracle revive.
To Beauty's Queen the Grecian poured his vow,
Our Poet bends to Beauty's daughters now;
Oh! may they waken his dramatic wife,
And, smiling, warm his statue into life!

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Sheil, Richard Lalor
Evadne